DOCTOR WHO

MAGAZ

DWM 319 • 24 July 2002
UK £3.40 • US $6.80

ISSN 0957-9818

9 770957 981004 30>

Panini Comics
www.paninicomics.co.uk

John Nathan Turner

SPECIAL ISSUE We pay tribute to *Doctor Who*'s longest-serving producer

25 YEARS 1977 2002

TIRED OF PALE IMITATIONS?

So are we... so, by popular demand (and with the kind permission of BBC Worldwide)
Dominitemporal Services proudly presents

PANOPTICON
2002

THE WORLD'S PREMIER DOCTOR WHO™ EVENT

The Palace Hotel, Manchester
7th - 8th September 2002

You know WHO will be there

- *Stars*
- *Video*
- *Interviews*
- *Cabaret*
- *Disco*
- *Autographs*
- *Photo Studio*

TICKET PRICES

Full weekend	£64*
Saturday only	£40*
Sunday only	£36*

Send bookings to: PanoptiCon2002 (M) PO Box 7831, London SW15 6YD

*Accompanied under-13s half price (to a maximum of two per adult). Overseas applicants please add £2.00 to cover additional postage. Please pay by cheque/postal order/international money order, payable to DOMINITEMPORAL SERVICES LIMITED in pounds sterling and drawn on a London Clearing Bank, or by Mastercard/Visa stating cardholder's name, card number, expiry date and billing address. Please name each attendee for our records and so that we can put details on your convention badge. Accommodation and travel details will be supplied after registration of your booking. All bookings are subject to our standard terms and conditions, a copy of which is available on request with an SAE. PLEASE NOTE that cancellation refunds are at our discretion and may be subject to an administration charge. Doctor Who logo © BBC 1996
For more information, please see our website at www.dominitemporal.co.uk

DWM 319

'It is a goodbye far too soon'

FEATURES

32 Rough seas
Unhappy times and places for Tom Baker as *Horror of Fang Rock* – the first story for which John Nathan-Turner received an on-screen credit – gets washed up in our *Archive*!

40 Wild times
Fancy a break in the city of Excelis? The people who brought Artaris to life – and death – take **DWM** behind the scenes of Big Finish's four-part audio trilogy!

REGULARS

4 **Gallifrey Guardian**
All the latest *Doctor Who* news
6 **Timelines**
22 **Comic strip**
Uroboros Part One
31 **Coming Up ...**
History 101 and *Combat Rock*
45 **The DWM Review**
Death Comes to Time
50 **It's the end, but ...**
The Watcher gets titular!

8 COVER STORY

John Nathan-Turner
Andrew Beech and Gary Gillatt take a detailed look at the life and work of *Doctor Who*'s longest-serving producer, whilst many of John's friends and colleagues share their memories with **DWM** as we pay tribute to a unique man ...

Editor **Clayton Hickman**
Editorial Assistants **Benjamin Cook, Edward Salt**
Designer **Paul Burley**

Production **Mark Irvine**
Managing Editor **Alan O'Keefe**
Managing Director **Mike Riddell**

Thanks to Sophie Aldred, Colin Baker, Pip and Jane Baker, Richard Bignell, Lisa Bowerman, Andrew Cartmel, Alec Charles, Ian Collier, Nicholas Courtney, Fiona Cumming, Peter Davison, Ian Fraser, John Freeman, James Goss, Graeme Harper, Craig Hinton, David J Howe, Paul Magrs, Katy Manning, Sylvester McCoy, David McIntee, Jon Preddle, Justin Richards, Gareth Roberts, Julie Rogers, Gary Russell, Yee Jee Tso, Mike Tucker, Stephen James Walker, BBC Worldwide and Big Finish

Display advertising Lisa Palfrey
at **Essential Media** on 020 7405 7577

Doctor Who Magazine™ Issue 319. Published by Panini Publishing Ltd. Office of publication: Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ. Published every four weeks. All *Doctor Who* material is © BBCtv. *Doctor Who* logo © BBC Worldwide 1996. Daleks © Terry Nation. All other material is © Panini Publishing Ltd unless otherwise indicated. No similarity between any of the fictional names, characters persons and/or institutions herein with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Nothing may be reproduced by any means in whole or part without written permission from the publishers. This periodical may not be sold, except by authorised dealers, and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. All letters sent to this magazine will be considered for publication, but the publishers cannot be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork. Printed in the UK. Newstrade distribution: Marketforce (UK) Ltd, 020 7907 7500. Subscriptions: MRM, 01858 410510. ISSN 0957-9818

Editor's letter | READ THE NEWS TODAY, OH BOY!

Here's a fact: In the entire 22-year history of **DWM**, John Nathan-Turner is the first member of *Doctor Who*'s behind-the-scenes production team to have a front cover devoted to them.

But then JN-T was never one for hiding in the shadows, so perhaps it's not so surprising after all. Certainly when I was a young fan, I'd expect to see him promoting the show on *Saturday Superstore* or *Blue Peter* as much as I'd expect to see Colin Baker or Sylvester McCoy. He became one of the icons of the series, smiling out from endless newspaper features, his trademark 'point' always in evidence. (Very clever, that – if John was pointing at the celeb then it meant that the picture editor couldn't easily crop him out of the photo unless they wanted a Pythonesque dismebodied hand intruding on the shot. 'Media-savvy' would be something of an understatement when describing JN-T ...)

So it was heartening to see that virtually all of the big UK papers devoted some space to John's untimely death at the beginning of May – obviously not as much space as we're devoting to him this issue, but then we don't have to report all the latest goings-on in the *Big Brother* house or talk about some men kicking a ball about in Japan, do we?

It's a measure of how highly regarded John was that so many of his colleagues were keen to contribute to this issue. I hope it serves as a fitting tribute to a man who, judging by the correspondence we received for this month's *Timelines* [see page 6], will be greaty missed.

On a happier note, this issue we welcome the marvellous Paul Burley aboard as **DWM**'s new designer. Paul decided to swap exotic Hull for balmy Tunbridge Wells when the lure of cutting out photos of Erato for hard cash became just too difficult to resist. Everybody give him a big wave, won't you?

Oh, and one last thing. Next issue we'll be publishing the results of the 2001 **DWM** Poll (so stop writing in now, please!). We had a fantastic response this year, so to find out if your favourites have come out on top, make sure you're here in four weeks ...

Clay

Gallifrey Guardian

Parkin revisited

The first chapters of Lance Parkin's Eighth Doctor novel, *The Dying Days*, have been posted on the BBCi *Doctor Who* website (*www.bbc.co.uk.cult/doctorwho*), alongside a commentary from the author and brand new artwork from Allan Bednar [pictured].

James Goss, Lead Producer of BBC Cult, told **DWM** "As the BBC's first ever e-book, *The Dying Days* has garnered a lot of unexpected publicity for BBCi. It's also gone down very well with the fans, clocking up over 100,000 page impressions in its first week. We're all thrilled."

Time for Real Time

August 2 has been confirmed as the launch date of BBCi's second webcast *Doctor Who* drama, *Real Time*. Featuring the Sixth Doctor and the Cybermen, the play will be broadcast in 6 ten-minute segments with artwork by Lee Sullivan. **DWM** will be taking a look behind the scenes of the play in issue 321.

BBC Books update

BBC Books Range consultant Justin Richards has told **DWM** that an Eighth Doctor novel entitled *The Final Design*, by newcomer Paul Hinder, will be released during the summer of 2003. The exact month of release has still to be confirmed.

Pirate CD

Second Doctor tale *The Space Pirates*, in which the TARDIS crew find themselves up against a villainous band of ... er, space pirates, as well as bizarrely-accented old-timer Milo Clancy, will be released on CD by the BBC Radio Collection in February 2003. Frazer Hines will once again be handling narration duties.

Leela online

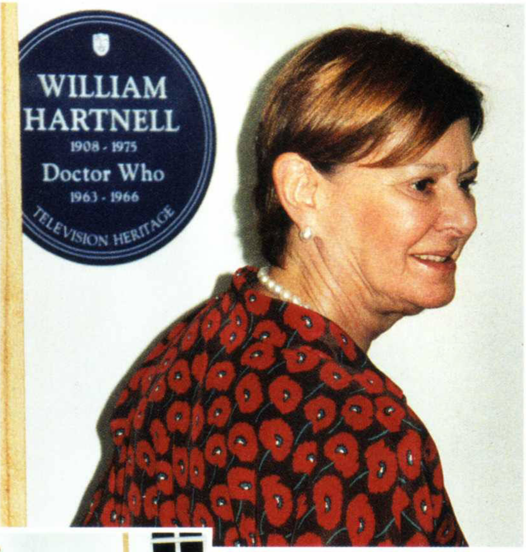
The BBC's *Doctor Who* chatroom is holding a live online chat with actress Louise Jameson on the afternoon of Friday 12 July. She'll be online to answer all of your questions about the time she spent playing Leela, or even to fill you in on the gossip behind the scenes in Albert Square. You can chat live with Louise between 2pm and 3pm on Friday 12 July. To join in, all you need to do is visit *http://www.bbc.co.uk/communicate* and then click on the picture of Louise. You can also join in the regular BBC *Doctor Who* chatroom every Monday and Wednesday, 8- 10pm.

Holiday drama

There are still a few places left on NextStage's *Doctor Who*-themed acting holiday, in Megeve, France, from 19-26 July 2002 [see *Gallifrey Guardian* 316 for full details]. Stars Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred, as well as veteran *Who* director Christopher Barry will be on hand, leading drama workshops and other fun activities. You must be 16 or over to attend and the six-day break costs only £440 for **DWM** readers. Contact *info@nextstagedrama.com* for further details.

UNVEILED! *DOCTOR WHO* HONOURED

National treasures!



Photos © Andrew Beech

Who-choo!

As you will see from the accompanying photos, the clouds kept well away from Kensington Olympia station on the morning of Sunday 19 May for the unveiling of the "Doctor Who", the first of Virgin's new fleet of SuperVoyager trains, all of which are to be named after famous explorers, both factual and fictional. Along for the ride were the compulsory Dalek, Richard Franklin, Elisabeth Sladen, Philip Madoc, Sarah Sutton, and Frazer Hines.

Chris Green, Chief Executive of Virgin Trains, said: "We are naming this SuperVoyager 'Doctor Who' as our new trains are reminiscent of the great TARDIS. They are not only spacious inside, but will magic people away to destinations from as far away as Aberdeen to Penzance."

DWM is obviously far too grown up to make any feeble jokes about 'cancellation' dogging the train. *Far* too grown up ...

PATRICK TROUGHTON

Plaque attack!

Shortly after the SuperVoyager's unveiling, the actors were whisked off in a courtesy coach to the audience reception foyer of BBC Television Centre for the unveiling of three Heritage Foundation blue plaques to commemorate William Hartnell, Patrick Troughton and Jon Pertwee. Those already mentioned were joined by *Doctor Who* stalwart Nicholas Courtney (acting as MC) and other luminaries and family members including Verity Lambert [pictured], Carole Ann Ford, Jessica Carney (Hartnell's real-life grand-daughter), Barry Letts, Bill, Ingeborg and Sean Pertwee [pictured] and Colin Baker. Lunch at the Grosvenor House Hotel was followed by a cabaret and raffle drawn by impressionist Jon Culshaw in his famous Fourth Doctor guise, and an auction of memorabilia which raised approximately £4,500 for the charity. ANDREW BEECH

AUDIO BOOKS, BENNY AND, ER, BLACKBURN?

DJ culture for Big Finish!

Two more Seventh Doctor audio dramas have been confirmed for 2003 by Big Finish.

July 2003's release will be penned by *Bloodtide*'s Jonathan Morris, and features Bonnie Langford as Mel. Entitled *Flip-Flop*, this will be an unusual release in that the discs will be marked 'White' and 'Black' and you will be able to play the CDs in either order. Before this, in April, Professor Bernice Summerfield returns to the fold, alongside Ace, in Trevor Baxendale's *The Dark Flame*.

Bernice herself will be going through something of a renaissance in her own series, as the character celebrates her tenth anniversary with a hardback short story collection, *A Life of Surprises*, compiled and edited by her creator, Paul Cornell. Amongst the authors featured within are Kate Orman, Jonathan Morris, Terrance Dicks, Nick Walters, Steve Lyons, Robert Shearman, Lloyd Rose, Lance Parkin, Dave Stone, Justin Richards and competition winner Mark Stevens.

Following that, Bernice returns to the audio format with *Dance of the Dead* by Stephen Cole, which will see Benny facing off with some old foes from her former life aboard the TARDIS. *Dance of the Dead* will be the first in an irregular series of audios teaming Benny up with monsters from the Doctor's past.

Finally, an additional cast member has been announced for this September 's release, *The Rapture* by Joseph Lidster.

Director Jason Haigh-Ellery told **DWM**: "The script featured a DJ called Chris Taylor who acts as a guide through the story. We knew we wanted a real DJ if we could get one and began the search. As a life-long fan, I knew I really wanted legendary Radio 1 DJ Tony Blackburn. So we asked, he said yes, and during May he recorded his sequences. We got him to play it as himself rather than the Chris Taylor character as we felt that would be more fun. Tony was an absolute star, he really enjoyed himself and seemed delighted to be a part of the *Doctor Who* gang."

CONVENTION GUEST LIST GROWS!

The Four Doctors!

Preparations for this year's 25th anniversary PanoptiCon convention, taking place at Manchester's Palace Hotel on September 7-8, continue apace.

As ever, the organisers are reluctant to confirm the guest list – "we like to surprise the audience and also wouldn't want to disappoint anyone by having a guest drop out after being advertised," organiser Andrew Beech told **DWM** – but it has been confirmed that an invitation to appear has been accepted (subject to work commitments) by all four of the surviving BBC TV Doctors. Tickets are now selling fast and attendees are advised to book early to avoid disappointment. Further information is available on the PanoptiCon website at *www.dominitemporal.co.uk*

DVD & VIDEO US/UK BOX SETS

Boxing clever!

Further details have been released of the US 'Key to Time' season DVD box set.

Released on October 1, and retailing at $124.98, the set contain all six stories, photo galleries, on-screen information text, and a 'who's who' feature. Actors Tom Baker and Mary Tamm recorded commentaries for the DVDs in mid-May. The DVDs will also be available separately, at $24.98 each. UK readers are reminded that these discs will only work on Region 1 (US) DVD players, or UK players which have been specially adapted for multi-region playback.

DWM has also learned that, following the success of 2001's *The Davros Collection*, high street giants WHSmith have requested another exclusive *Doctor Who* video box set.

Entitled *The Time Lord Collection*, the box will comprise *The War Games* (which will be extensively remastered in preparation for its eventual release on DVD) along with *The Three Doctors* and *The Deadly Assassin*. The set will be released in September, priced £29.99.

Bernard Wilkie 1920 - 2002

MIKE TUCKER PAYS TRIBUTE TO A PIONEERING VISUAL EFFECTS WIZARD ...

If there is one man who is ultimately responsible for the career that I chose then that man is Bernard Wilkie.

Popular lunchtime viewing in our house was BBC1's *Pebble Mill at One*, and one day a man was interviewed who demonstrated props and models, explosions and monsters, and revealed that there was this fabulous department within the BBC whose sole job was to create these fantastic things. That man was Bernard Wilkie, and the department was the one he co-founded – the BBC Visual Effects Department.

Although Bernard had retired long before I joined the effects department, I was lucky enough to be introduced to him at the Royal Television Society's exhibition to mark 50 years of television. I was working for Mat Irvine at the time, and he had arranged a beer with myself, Bernard and Ian Scoones. That was where I learned that old effects men have lots of stories – and that they can drink!

Bernard and I remained in sporadic touch from that day, and he was never anything other than helpful and generous with his knowledge and advice, and keen to hear about any new techniques that had come into use since his day.

The list of shows that Bernard was involved in reads like a 'best of' the BBC: *Monty Python, Quatermass and the Pit, 1984, The Goodies, Morecambe & Wise, Some Mothers Do 'Ave 'Em* and, of course, *Doctor Who* to name but a few. The expertise and ingenuity of Bernard, Jack Kine and their team of technicians created visuals previously unseen on British Television, and their contribution to the medium's growth cannot be dismissed

Bernard's book, *The Technique of Special Effects in Television*, was – and remains – required reading for any budding effects person, and Bernard himself was a true pioneer of television.

There will be no-one else like him.

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Bernard Wilkie

The death of special effects pioneer **Bernard Wilkie** on 3 May marks the third loss in quick succession of significant contributors to *Doctor Who*. Wilkie's work on the 1950s BBC *Quatermass* serials led to his co-founding the BBC Visual Effects Unit, supplying *Doctor Who* with ingenious yet low budget designs within the limited resources afforded by the programme. He specifically worked on *The Ice Warriors, The Mind Robber, Colony in Space, The Sea Devils, Frontier in Space* and *Planet of the Spiders* [see tribute above].

Dangerous Davison Hits Town

Filming is underway in London until the end of July on the three 90-minute episodes of *The Last Detective* starring **Peter Davison** as Dangerous Davies.

Colin Looks Back

After They were Famous: The Brothers will be screened during the Summer on ITV and will feature the reflections of both former Paul Merroney, **Colin Baker** and erstwhile Jane Maxwell, **Kate O'Mara**. Colin publicised his *Flare Path* tour on the BBC's *Breakfast* on 27 May while also paying his respects to **John Nathan-Turner** and recounting how Sir Laurence Olivier had apparently shown an interest in playing the Mutant in *Revelation of the Daleks*.

Tom Lets off in the Country

Tom Baker was the narrator of BBC1's *Countryside at War*, screened on14 May. Asked whether he consumes the recommended daily dose of five portions of fruit or vegetables, he let rip, "Yes. Oh, yes. Peas, cabbage, sprouts, onions, haricot beans... BOOM!"

Paul blows his Horn

Paul McGann is reprising the role of Second Lieutenant Bush in two further *Hornblower* TV movies for ITV, the first of which is titled *Hornblower and the Hotspur*. Filming takes place over three months during the Summer.

The Tamm Dilemma

Mary Tamm [pictured] embarked on two theatre tours from 11 June taking in Blackpool, Darlington, Swansea and Jersey among other stops. In J B Priestley's *When We are Married* she is Maria Helliwell, a role she was particularly looking forward to as she could try out a Yorkshire accent. When the play reaches Darlington on 18 June and Swansea on 16 July, she remains a second week at both venues playing Ruth in Alan Ayckbourn's *Living Together*. Tamm's performance as Yvonne in BBC1's *Paradise Heights* is due to be broadcast shortly and rumour has it a second series has already been commissioned.

And the main points from Ponti ...

Louis Mahoney, who was the newscaster in *Frontier in Space* and Ponti in *Planet of Evil*, has retired as vice-president of the Britsh actors' union, Equity. As the only black member of the Equity council, Mahoney has worked tirelessly for the past 25 years to forward the interests of Afro-Asian performers.

THE COMPLETE THIRD DOCTOR

"I'm rather looking forward to it ..."

Jumping Jehosophat! We celebrate Jon Pertwee's time as Doctor Who with a glossy, 84-page DWM Special Edition packed to the brim with everything you'll ever need to know about Earth invasions, Venusian aikido, sprightly roadsters, giant spiders, dolly soldiers, and frilly shirts!

- All-new features from Andrew Pixley, Russell T Davies, Mark Gatiss, Steven Moffatt, Gary Gillatt, Philip MacDonald and the cream of *Doctor Who* fandom, considering the highs and lows of every production!
- Addenda and errata for all of **DWM**'s *Third Doctor Archives!*
- A fresh look at the Third Doctor's novel, comic strip and audio exploits!
- Hordes of rare and previously unpublished photographs!
- An afterword by Katy Manning!

DOCTOR WHO
SPECIAL EDITION
THE COMPLETE THIRD DOCTOR
Afterword by KATY MANNING

So lay on a UNIT jeep and make sure you don't miss out!

Available at WHSmith and all good newsagents from 11 July, priced £4.99!

Timelines

Send your letters to Timelines, DWM, Panini House,
Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ
or e-mail us at dwm@panini.co.uk **(marked 'Timelines' in the subject line)**

We also heard from

Warren Alderton (who argues that *Doctor Who* should not return to television); **Luke J Harrison** (who has noticed that *Full Circle*, *The Awakening* and *Timelash* were all scripted by writers who share their surnames with crisps!); **Peter Southgate** (*The Complete Third Doctor* special is next – see the advert on page 5); **Adrian Charlton** (you can write to Kevin Stoney c/o Incoming Mail, BBC Television Centre, Wood Lane, London W12 7RJ); **Kevin Ainsworth** (who thinks that producers of a new *Doctor Who* movie could learn a thing or two from 1960s serials); **David Coulter** ("Please give me a mention! My friend had a letter printed in 1984 and has spent 18 years holding this over me!"); and many more ...

Cheap as chips

Remember back in **DWM** 313, our old friend **Anthony K McCail** regaled us with a half-baked *Doctor Who* parlour game in which we were encouraged to suggest cut-price versions of existing stories so that a cash-strapped TV industry might be able to afford a new series of *Doctor Who*? Well we'd certainly tried to forget it. Unfortunately you lot couldn't resist encouraging him ... **David Green** has "managed to cobble together the following pitiful offerings": *The Dalek Invasion of Irthlingborough*, *The Homebase*, *Undieworld*, *The Ribos Elastoplast*, *The Creature from the Tip* and *Delta and the Binmen*. **Tom Ingall** from Sheffield suggests: *The Leisure Centre* ("which could be filmed entirely in Brighton"), *Semi Circle* and *The Curse of Tumeric*. "Sob! How pitiful!" he blubs. **David Jashley** proffers: *The Pile of Krill* ("It's seafood tonight, Romana!"), *The Cavies of Androzani* ("the Doctor gets involved in a fight between guinea pig breeders"), and that old favourite *The Invisible Enema*. "Isn't Anthony K McCail fab?" gushes should-know-better *Shelf Life* columnist **Matt Michael**, before letting rip with *Twigopolis*, *Wormdance*, *The Out-of-Court-Settlement of a Time Lord* and *Ghost Lite*. Sigh. Lastly, **Matt Wilkinson** gives us: *Galaxy Two-and-a-half*, *The Lowlanders*, *Fury from the Shallows*, *The Spoke in Space*, *The Toenails of Axos*, *The Pond Devils*, *The Finger of Fear* and *Warriors' Catflap*. Stop it now, all of you.

We were inundated with letters paying tribute to John Nathan-Turner. The following is just a small selection of the comments we received...

John Nathan-Turner

I've just heard that John Nathan-Turner has died. Needless to say, this was a bit of a shock: I've been outside the *Doctor Who* circle for a long time and had no idea he was ill – I gather that not many people did.

John was a fantastic person to work with while I was editor of **Doctor Who Magazine**. He was always enthusiastic supporter of **DWM** and endeavoured to provide us with as much help as he could. He gave us terrific access to the show's production and its cast, and even the occasional exclusive – a hard thing to do when the show was under such a microscope by fans within the BBC.

I know he had his critics – what producer on a TV show receiving so much audience attention hasn't? – but as far as I'm concerned he gave everything to make *Doctor Who* work during its final seasons. That included helping **DWM** whenever he could.

I'm sure he will be much missed by many, many people. Thanks, John.

JOHN FREEMAN
VIA E-MAIL

I have to admit that many of those on both sides of the camera during *Doctor Who*'s history I merely know as signatures at the end of memos or names on film schedules, but John Nathan-Turner was one of the few to whom I did actually speak – and pester with questions when an information gap arose in an *Archive* which I felt he might be able to plug. Ever since 1988 when I joined **Doctor Who Magazine**, John was happy to help with any information I might need – be it a simple matter of a location list for *Black Orchid* through to wracking his brains as to why *Project Zeta-Plus* had to be dropped from production at the last minute. When John was still the magazine's consultant, I remember feeling so encouraged when I'd hear that he had enjoyed the latest *Archive* so much that he'd gone and got a copy of the story to watch it through again; that was an enormously rewarding thing to hear when I was just starting out as a researcher. And in later years, I remember phone calls where John checked out the detailed chronology of his memoirs with me, saying "I remember being in studio for such-and-such when that happened – so what day would that have been?" It was a delight to be able to help with such odds and ends in return for the various questions he had answered for me over the years.

I remember the two occasions when we worked together on BBC documentaries for which I was one of the consultants and he was an interviewee; naturally, John's love of the show meant that he never needed prompting or reminding. *30 Years in the TARDIS* was when we first met properly and I remember him asking "Are you doing any of my stories at the moment?" When I said that I was piecing together *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*, he instantly said "Well, let's get a cup of tea and I'll tell you all I can remember ..." and then spent an hour with me going through the near cancellation and last minute reprieve which that particular serial enjoyed. Come *Doctor Who Night* six years later, John was far more emotional about the way the show had ended back in 1989, and spoke very lovingly of what was obviously a special time in his life.

From his decade of serials, I will always value brave experiments like *Warriors' Gate*, *Kinda* and *Ghost Light* ... but of John himself, I will always feel very lucky because of the time and trouble he gave to help my researches.

ANDREW PIXLEY
VIA E-MAIL

I am writing to say how sad I was to hear the news of John Nathan-Turner's death. It was especially poignant as he was still in the prime of his life. His death will be a great loss for *Doctor Who*. A minority of 'fans' have unfairly slagged off this man – ignorant of the fact that had it not been for him, *Doctor Who* would not have kept going for as long as it did. Only his devotion to the programme kept it alive, as no one else at the BBC was prepared to take the helm. Of course he made mistakes and some decisions that I don't agree with, but he also gave us some classic stories and cast some fine actors. He fought long and hard to keep *Doctor Who* alive when Michael Grade and the BBC only wanted to kill it. It is because of JN-T's hard work that I pay homage to him – and thank him for keeping *Doctor Who* alive through the 1980s.

ANDREW ROE
BATTERSEA

I was deeply saddened to hear of John Nathan-Turner's death. Although a long-term fan, I have only recently got into the convention scene, so it was with great pleasure that I saw JN-T at the *Battlefield* convention in March. Although I did not pluck up the courage to speak to him, I had actually planned to write him a letter, thanking him for being there. Sadly, the news of his death came through before I could get around to it.

I think that fandom owes JN-T a huge debt of gratitude. He obviously did his best to bring us on the whole excellent *Doctor Who*. I would strongly urge all fans to buy his *Memoirs* CDs issued by Big Finish, as these give an excellent insight into his contributions to the show and will live, as will many of the TV episodes, as a lasting testament to him.

JN-T, we will miss you.

BRIAN P HUELIN
DUDLEY

John Nathan-Turner's death is, for me, the end of an era. Not only was he the ambassador for *Doctor Who*, but he was a larger-than-life figure who shaped a whole era of the programme. I was one of the many who touched a small microsecond of his life at autograph signings and brief chats about the programme that he loved so much. My hope is that he will be remembered for how he has given so much joy and happiness to so many people across the world. My condolences to his family and friends.

Anthony Hampton
Weston-super-Mare

I was saddened to hear of John Nathan-Turner's death. Nearly all the *Doctor Who* that I grew up watching was under his producership. Good, bad and indifferent, I always 'stayed tuned'. Thanks for the memories, JN-T.

Shaun Chmara
Staffs

My earliest memory of John Nathan-Turner was during 1988. I was a spotty eight-year-old, convinced that I could make – from the playground – comments that could seriously affect the run of my favourite show. I wrote to John with idiotic, childish ideas for monsters and companions. The reply that I got was one of the most heart-warming I could have received.

That he took time out of his personal schedule to write to fans will always make me admire him. He seemed a genuine and kind man. He was not the man who killed *Doctor Who* for me, but the man that had created it. His influence will never be forgotten, nor should his kindness. For any fan born from 1970 onwards, this was the man at the helm of the ship – driving towards the dreams of the imagination.

Peter Horlock
via e-mail

I've just learned of John Nathan-Turner's death and I feel compelled to to write. I don't know why. I just feel that we've lost a great man, who had a real passion for 'His Show'.

He took *Doctor Who* into the 1980s and I don't think any other producer could have done a better job, considering all the obstacles he came up against. He gave it his all, which, for some, wasn't enough; for me it was plenty.

Thanks John, you'll never ever be forgotten. As some famous bloke once said, "It's the end, but ..." In the world of *Doctor Who* you will be immortal.

Dean Stoner
Amberley, West Sussex

I was incredibly sad to hear of the death of John Nathan-Turner. Like nobody else, John embodied everything that was great about *Doctor Who*. We have not only lost one of the greatest figures and supporters of the programme, but a man who kept *Doctor Who* on our screens for so long. His dedication to the series was admirable, during some of its most difficult periods. Words can't adequately express the debt we, as fans,owe him. Thank you JN-T, and God bless you.

Kenny McGuinness
via e-mail

I have no doubt that other letters and emails will pay tribute to JNT's *Doctor Who* legacy, but hopefully I will be one of those who offers a more realistic appraisal. For me, his contribution to the show won't be summed up with words such as 'great' or 'huge', but with one other word: frustrating.

When he was good, he was very, very good, but when he was bad, he was awful. The highs were deliriously high; moments when *Doctor Who* achieved all the exciting potential it had often showed in the past, but only intermittently achieved. With stories such as *The Caves of Androzani*, *Earthshock* and *Logopolis*, he made *Doctor Who* a show that we could be proud of liking; a show that stopped being silly, one that grew up, that explored the possibilities of time travel seriously, scarily and with a little chink of fun.

He also knew how to promote the show in the press and raise its profile – something that was becoming important in the 1980s and is now essential. But in looking back, we also have to be honest about the down-sides too: the increasing obsession with showbiz over substance; the later mis-casting of the Doctor; the bad choice of scripts; and, of course, the fixation with the show's past.

And that's where we have to recognise that there were others who played a role in the slide in quality during JN-T's later years. Firstly, the BBC for refusing to allow him to move on once his initial freshness had gone, and us, the fans, for hounding and criticising him to the point where he felt he had to please us over the general public.

But considering both positives and negatives, there is one thing that rises above all others and it's something we can all agree on: John Nathan-Turner loved *Doctor Who* – even if it didn't always love him back.

Mark Smith
Glasgow

I can recall, as a ten-year-old (who had recently fallen out with *Doctor Who* in favour of *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*), catching the closing minutes of *The Keeper of Traken* and being terrified and enthralled to see the Master murder Tremas and take over his body! The following week, Janet Fielding turned up as Tegan and Peter Davison shortly followed in a superb mix of stories that I think even today stand the test of time.

I would often write to the production office with comments on stories, my own suggestions, my own scripts. Within days, *all* my letters would come back to me with a personally worded and signed letter from John Nathan Turner, politely saying how, er, wonderful my stories were, but that they were fully commissioned this season! To compensate, he would send me a few signed photos of the cast. How many producers would go to that trouble? Month after month, year after year, to hundreds of thousands of fans worldwide? Everyone seems to be saying how much John loved *Doctor Who* – well he truly did, and the viewers and fans benefited greatly from this.

1980s *Doctor Who* has everything I enjoy in the series: fast-paced, wacky, high drama; controversial choices of Doctor that paid off; the Master popping up from time to time; Tegan; wonderful and amazing guest stars (in particular Kate O'Mara as the wonderfully camp Rani); Colin Baker in such gems as Parts Eight and Thirteen of *Trial*; and the fact that It ends with the winning team of Sylvester and Sophie – one of the main highlights of *Doctor Who*'s entire run.

I am now nearly as old as John was when he took over as producer of *Doctor Who*. I am a fully-fledged adult now – with all the personal highs, lows and dramas that real life brings my way. But thanks to John's work I can occasionally dip into the strange and wonderful word of 1980s *Doctor Who* and lose myself in the cosy, fun world that this unique man brought to such a unique series.

My deepest sympathy to Gary, and to the rest of John's family and friends. And my deepest thanks to JN-T for the letters he sent to this young fan, and for giving him the best years of *Doctor Who*.

Peter Wilcock
Davenham, Cheshire

Stunts 'R' Us

I adored the Derek Ware interview in **DWM** 317! Getting an insight into what *really* happened behind-the-scenes on *Doctor Who* from a rarely-heard voice is a real coup. Well done, **DWM**! It's ironic that stunts and stunt performers are so often overlooked, given the obvious impact that the stunts themselves had to the series. And it is especially timely that they be recalled so clearly, in the same month as stuntman Terry Walsh passed away. Thank you, Mr Ware, for bringing those long-ago serials back to life. And though she may be leaving you, your designer, Peri Godbold, made a fabulous job of page 18. She did **DWM** proud!

Chris Winwood
via e-mail

OK reviewer

I would like to thank David Darlington for the nice comments about the music for 'Generic Sci Fi Quarry' [**DWM** 317]. Shame he didn't see the point of the whole thing, which was that it *was* abstract – simply a generic evocation of mood. It was never intended to raise any questions – not even the the question "What questions is this trying to raise"!

And – I've checked this with everyone – none of us have heard *OK Computer*. Perhaps we should. Or perhaps, by some bizarre accident of time, Radiohead were retrospectively influenced by us?

Mark Ayres.
via e-mail

Peace and love!

On going to the cinema recently – to see *Lord of the Rings* again, which is, despite the Watcher's whinings, brilliant – I was delighted to see Daleks, in colour, on the big screen! Which leads me to conclude that not all the wonderful Zen Daleks died at the end of *Children of the Revolution*. Some obviously survived to integrate themselves into human culture and land a lucrative publicity deal with Kit Kat. A happy ending after all!

Caleb Woodbridge.
via e-mail

Next issue, we're after coments on BBCi's Death Comes to Time. *Controversial or captivating? Maddening or magical? Let us know your thoughts...*

NEXT ISSUE

The one with the maggots

Relive the nightmares of many a 1970s child as Andrew Pixley digs up *The Green Death* for our *Archive*!

And the winner is

... you lot, as **DWM** publishes the results of our readers' survey! Find out who's won what – and whether *your* favourite actor, writer, book, audio play or comic strip has come top of the class of 2001!

Jee whizz

DWM catches up with TV Movie tearaway Chang Lee – otherwise known as actor Yee Jee Tso!

Make do

Next issue we'll be teaching you how to populate the world with *Doctor Who* fans – and no, not in the way you might be thinking! (Some assembly required.)

Plus

Things hot up for Fey and the Doctor as *Uroborus* continues! The Fifth Doctor witnesses the Genesis of the Cybermen as we lift the lid on *Spare Parts*! And, if you're very good, lots of other *Doctor Who*-related shenanigans, I'll wager!

DWM 320
on sale
24 July at
WHSmith
and all good
newsagents

John Nathan Turner

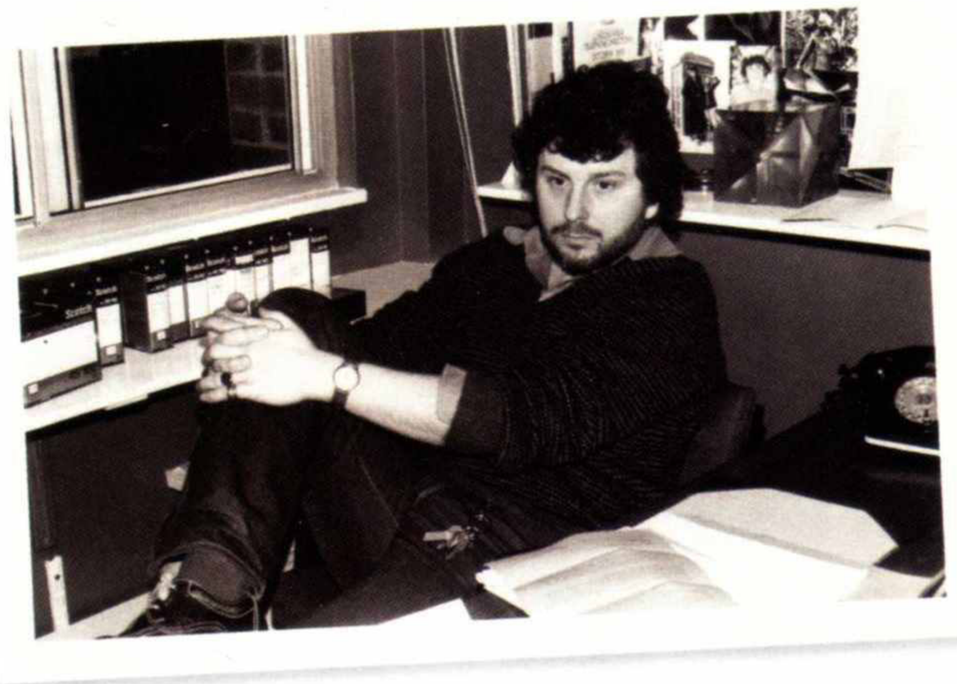
THE GREATEST SHOWMAN IN THE GALAXY

IN THE FIRST OF TWO FEATURES EXAMINING THE LIFE AND WORK OF JOHN NATHAN-TURNER, FORMER DWAS CO-ORDINATOR ANDREW BEECH TAKES A PERSONAL LOOK BACK AT JOHN'S UNIQUE RELATIONSHIP WITH *DOCTOR WHO*'S MANY FANS ...

Born in Birmingham on August 27, 1947, John Nathan-Turner loved American film musicals as a child, acted in school plays, and appeared as an extra in television serials including *The Newcomers*, *United!* and *Crossroads*. Turning down a place at Hull University, he took a job as stage manager in a night-club before turning professional as an actor and becoming assistant stage manager at the Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham. A subsequent short period working in the BBC costume department was followed by John's last acting stint at the Everyman Theatre, Chelmsford, after which he applied successfully for a job as a BBC floor assistant. During his time there he worked on *Morecambe & Wise*, *The Sky at Night*, *Blue Peter*, *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, *The Pallisers*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and, of course, *All Creatures Great and Small*. John first contributed to *Doctor Who* in the 1969 serial *The Space Pirates*, subsequently working his way up through the posts of assistant floor manager, production assistant and production unit manager to become producer for the show's eighteenth season, a post he retained until *Doctor Who*'s cancellation in 1989.

Other than varied critiques of John Nathan-Turner's involvement with *Doctor Who* (both his stewardship of the BBC television series itself and his participation in many related activities since the show's demise in 1989), these were the few facts to be gleaned from the lengthy obituaries that appeared in the 'quality dailies' in the week after his death on 1 May. So much, and yet so little. Sadly, they give no insight whatsoever into the complex character of someone who, within the microcosm of 'fandom', so often found himself mired in controversy – a man of stirling abilities tempered with the usual human frailties. Let's see what I can do to redress the balance ...

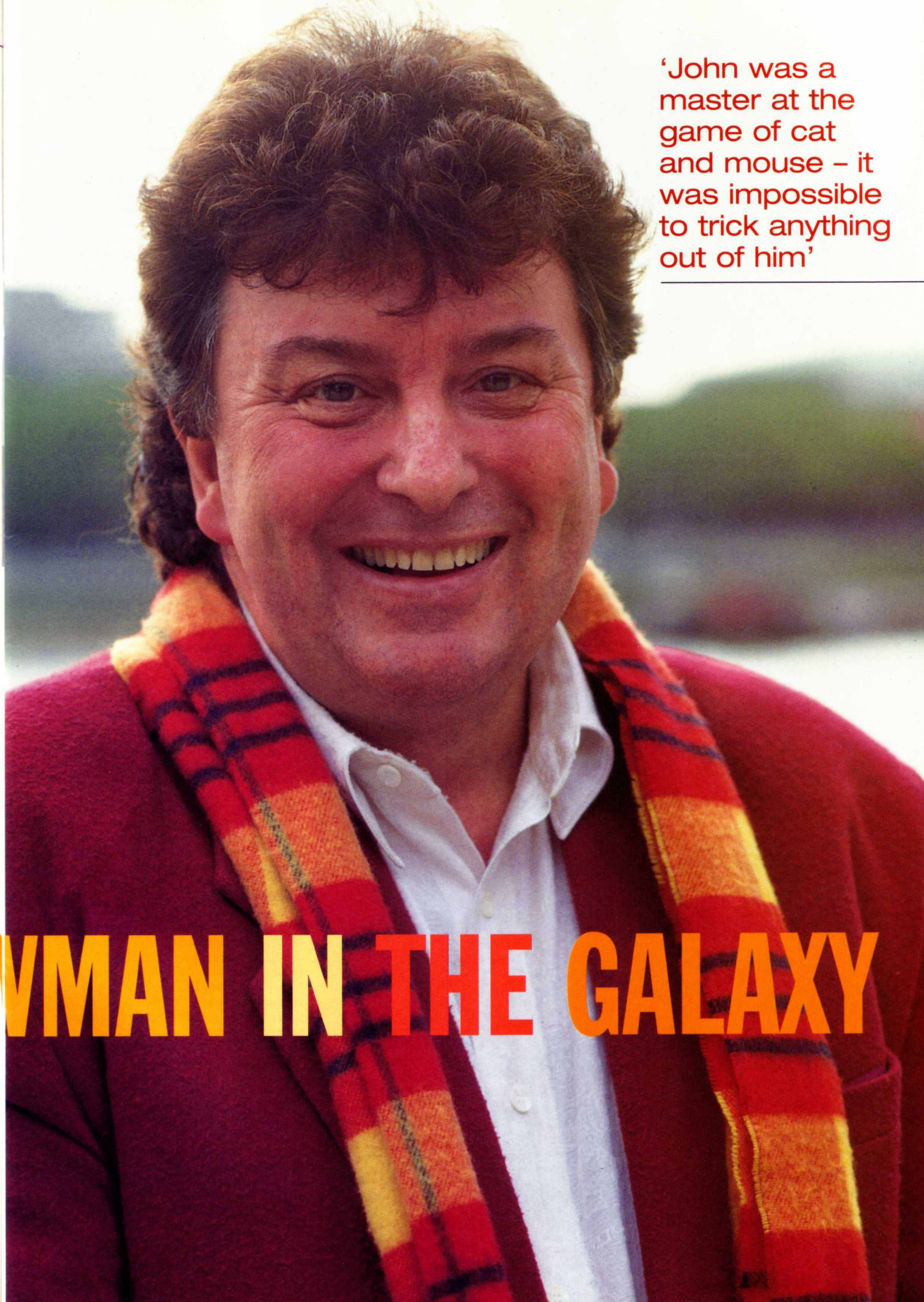
I recall quite distinctly first meeting John at one of the early *Doctor Who* conventions (PanoptiCon IV to be precise) in August 1981 at the Queen Mary College in London. At the time, I was an impressionable university student – and sit-at-home member of the relatively-recently formed Doctor Who Appreciation Society). The encounter was nothing more than the customary awkward greeting and request for an autograph at the end of a lengthy queue. Our second meeting in Birmingham at PanoptiCon the following year was scarcely more significant, but by then I knew those in charge of the events sufficiently well to discover that the quantum leap in magnitude and quality of the guest-list over those two short years was down principally to John. Keen from the off to promote *Doctor Who*, he was astute enough to grasp immediately the benefit to be gained from nurturing the enthusiasm of its fledgling organised fan-base, as distinct from the press and general public.



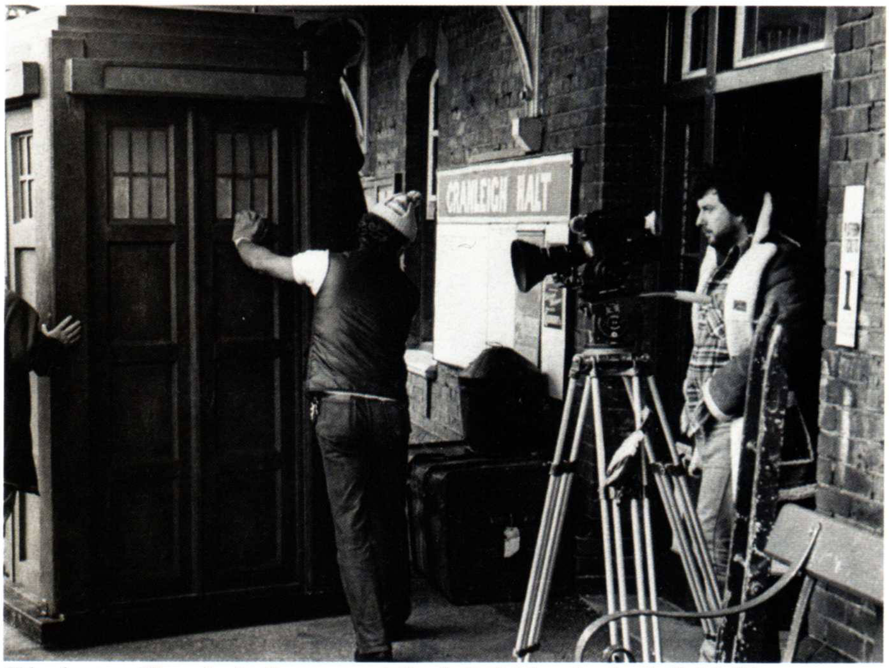
I only started to actually get to know John after I took up the post of Co-ordinator (chairman) of the DWAS in the late 1980s. It was an established custom (not to mention an exciting prospect) to meet up with John once a month at the local hostelry on Shepherds Bush Green – literally a stone's throw from the *Doctor Who* production office – to catch up on the latest news for the fan club. This proved always to be a fascinating experience, as my colleagues and I tried to obtain confirmation of the various rumours about the show that flew around from time to time. It became apparent very quickly that John was an absolute master of this game of cat and mouse – it was nigh on impossible to trick anything out of him. The precision with which he would phrase his comments was, as I told him at the time, worthy of a fellow member of the legal profession (it was meant as a compliment).

Over the years, it became apparent that John's skills had been honed through his dealings with the national press, most of whose television correspondents took every bit as keen an interest in trying to scoop the competition as the most obsessive fanzine editor. I will never forget the extraordinary lengths to which he told me he had to go on one occasion to persuade the reporter from a national tabloid not to print a particularly salacious story about one of the actors who appeared in *Planet of Fire*. John's strenuous attempts to release production information at his own pace and in his own way, and his occasional 'sense of humour failures' when thwarted, earned him the reputation with some of being a bit of a bad-tempered 'control-freak'. To my great surprise – for John was usually very affable – he became visibly angry when he first discovered that I had been told, before any official announcement, that Sylvester McCoy would succeed Colin Baker as the Doctor, plus the the identity of the other actors who had been shortlisted. Over time, though, I came to realise that the 'control freak' label was unwarranted and unfair. John believed passionately in the importance of keeping *Doctor Who* in the public eye, which required the release of information in such a way as to gain maximum impact. He, and he alone, was in a position to gauge the extent to which information leaks could damage that process. For example, I am given to understand that news being leaked to fans led to BBC Press conferences having to be rushed forward on at least two occasions – the departure of K9 and the casting of Colin Baker. The situation can be perhaps best illustrated with a story John told me in the early 1990s.

During the production of *Doctor Who*'s 25th Anniversary season, so the story goes, John had spent a great deal of time and effort negotiating with the *Daily Mail* for a high-profile, two-page



'John was a master at the game of cat and mouse – it was impossible to trick anything out of him'



"A hands-on practitioner, involved in every aspect of production": John on location for *Black Orchid*.

colour picture exclusive in its Saturday edition (to be photographed during the location shoot for *Silver Nemesis*), which should have generated a massive amount of positive publicity and helped to boost the viewing figures. But the whole deal was scuppered when, during the early afternoon of the shoot, a black London taxicab was spotted crawling up the road, its occupant (the proprietor of one of the leading fanzines of the day) snapping away with his camera. This prompted allegations from the *Daily Mail* photographer that John had reneged on the promised "exclusivity" of the article and the whole thing was cancelled. Pause for a moment to imagine John's exasperation that all his hard work had been undermined, and then begin to understand why he was sometimes so sensitive about fan intrusion.

One striking attribute of John Nathan-Turner, upon which I have already touched, was his gregarious nature, which first became apparent to me when I met him for only the second time at the Birmingham PanoptiCon. I remember plucking up the courage to congratulate him on successfully keeping secret the surprise appearance of the Cybermen at the end of Part One of *Earthshock* (I had convinced myself from the setting that the 'returning villains' would be the Silurians). My nervousness melted instantly when John smiled and asked affably whether I was the person who had written in similar vein to the production office a couple of weeks before. I hadn't, but this illustrates one of John's many strengths – one which, I gather, was still very evident at his last public appearance – at the Battlefield convention at Easter – despite the severity of his illness. When 'on parade', he was unfailingly polite, very approachable and happy to engage anyone in conversation. In point of fact, I don't think I have ever met anyone as fastidiously courteous as John. Whether following a convention appearance, a dinner party or a night out on the town, not once did he fail to send a card or short note of thanks.

Please do not assume that John was some kind of saint. As many of you will know, he did lose his temper from time to time. But John's overall *politesse* was quite remarkable given the extent to which he had to endure a panoply of unsolicited opinions and the extreme rudeness that he suffered at the hands of a vociferous minority during public events. One of the earliest examples of this occurred during the logistical nightmare that was the 1983 *Doctor Who* weekend at Longleat House. Despite severe difficulties experienced trying to adjust arrangements to cope with the unexpected vast hordes of the general public who descended on the event, John made the effort to accept an invitation to drop in on the party being held for the fans by members of the DWAS committee. At one point the conversation turned to the fans' perceived shortcomings in the running of the event – which John, understandably, tried to explain and justify. A heated argument ensued, during which one former DWAS committee member hurled a comment along the lines of "... just you remember, we'll still be around after you are long gone!" I gather (for I was not present) that John retained his composure, but not without some effort – the remark cut deeply enough for him to remember and recount it to me some ten years later.

> 'John believed passionately in the importance of keeping the show in the public eye'

SOPHIE ALDRED Ace

Try as I might, I still can't believe JN-T has gone. As his funeral ended and we stood shuffling our feet, hugging friends and looking at the flowers, I expected him to walk round the corner, giggling through his nose in that snorty way of his, revelling in having pulled off another amazing showbiz stunt. But I, like the hundreds – and maybe even thousands – whose lives he touched and invariably changed (certainly in my case), will have to get used to conventions, parties, shows and life without him.

I'll miss the camp sparkle he brought so energetically to any Doctor Who convention cabaret – the large, curly-haired, Hawaiian-shirted presence, who could dominate any room with one wave of the ever burning ciggie, the glass of voddy, and the clever, witty riposte.

When I first met John, I didn't think I liked him very much. He was a bit like a disciplinarian father whom I wanted to please. No, I couldn't have a cab home from studio (I had to take the tube and train and walk 20 minutes in the dark); What on earth was wrong with the publicity photo card which he'd had printed up for me? (I told him not even my mother recognised me and got the full JN-T snort and stare); Would I please lose half a stone before the next season as I was way too fat (only standing next to Bonnie Langford, John!); and please shave those hairy armpits!

It was a difficult start to the relationship. Then away we went on location and, one evening in a Dorset pub, I realised he'd been testing me all along and that he and I could become great friends.

And we did.

Perhaps that incident will begin to give you some insight into the reasons why John gained a reputation for being overly sensitive to criticism. As I mentioned above, *Doctor Who* fans are a microcosm of society as a whole. There is a significant sub-set of them who have been (and still are) prone to be judgmental, not realising how slight is their understanding of the subject on which they so freely opine. On reflection, I believe that none of us on the outside (myself included – despite a better vantage point than most) can truly appreciate the complexities of a television production such as *Doctor Who* and the severe constraints within which the production teams had to work, including the political environment prevalent at the BBC at the time. Nonetheless, some fans believe they have the right not simply to form extreme views (which they do) but also, when given a platform, to vent them in a very destructive fashion. After a relatively short 'honeymoon period' to his producership, John found himself on the receiving end of – at best – a huge amount of unsolicited, mostly ill-considered advice, and – at worst – a constant barrage of negative criticism, much of it downright abusive. And at the heart of it, the proprietor of one particular publication fanned the flames in pursuit of a very personal vendetta.

Some of the things printed about John in the 1980s bordered, quite frankly, on libel – and on more than one occasion he was minded to sue. His superiors at the BBC, already unhappy about the amount of interest being generated by *Doctor Who*, persuaded him to let matters lie. Before I became aware of all this, I was surprised and dismayed at John's reaction to my own little frolic in the *Daily Mail* in 1987.

For those of you who don't know, I was approached by the features editor of the *Daily Mail* in September of that year and asked to suggest someone who could write a full-page article in his Saturday TV section for the week of transmission of Part One of Sylvester's début story, *Time and the Rani*. The editor explained it was felt that *Doctor Who* had lost some of its edge and dramatic impact and they wanted a piece which examined why this might be. Poisoned chalice though I recognised this task to be (given the climate of hostile criticism of the show at the time), I knew that it had to be handled delicately – the *Mail* could easily find some disenchanted fan to do a hatchet job, damaging the show and making us all look like hysterical idiots – so, reluctantly, I concluded it would be better to do it myself.

The piece tht I wrote was, I believe, balanced,

John and Colin, relaxing in Spain during *The Two Doctors*

COLIN BAKER The Sixth Doctor

The old adage "Cometh the hour, cometh the man" was never truer than in the case of John Nathan-Turner. John worked in theatre and television all his adult life. And, from day one, he cared about the job passionately. No timeserver with a view to a pension and an easy life, he cared about the end result and wanted to make an impact. Unlike some producers, he actually liked and enjoyed the company of actors. He seemed to instinctively understand the basic truth that eluded many of his colleagues: happy and motivated people work better and more effectively. As a result, he enjoyed great loyalty from his casts, whom he enabled to feel part of a team rather than the simply the hired help.

I first met John when he came to the BBC Rehearsal Rooms in Acton to watch a run through of the first block of episodes for *Arc of Infinity* in 1982. I was playing Maxil, commander of the Gallifreyan Guard. I had to arrest and shoot Peter Davison. I decided during rehearsals to invest Maxil with attitude; I have always believed that the director's job is easier if you offer them ideas, rather than wait for them to prod you into action. So, Maxil thought that almost everyone else was a waste of space, particularly the effete youth with the celery fetish. After the run through, John came over to me and suggested that my portrayal of the character was so arch that he was thinking of changing his name to Archie, (indeed that name stuck for the rest of the job); but he delivered this mild rebuke in a jokey, inclusive way. We hit it off immediately and I toned down the character's apparent desire to turn *Doctor Who* into *The Maxil Show*.

When, some weeks later, we met at the wedding of a mutual friend, we spent the afternoon sharing scurrilous stories and laughing – all in the best possible taste, of course. He says that returning home that day he told Gary, his companion of several decades, that he had found his new Doctor (Peter had apparently just indicated his desire to leave). This story goes to confirm my long held belief that Lady Luck plays a disproportionate part in all our careers as actors.

We worked together for three years and continued to meet on a regular basis at *Doctor Who* events and socially thereafter. In all that time, even if we hadn't seen each other a while, we would fall instantly back into the easy personal and working relationship we had always enjoyed. John possessed that elusive talent of being able to be the boss when necessary without losing the ability to be relaxed and unguarded socially – and indeed vice versa. It is essentially the fear of failing to achieve that difficult interpersonal juggling act that inhibits most producers from allowing themselves the luxury of relaxing in the company of performers and technical staff. It is purely because of John's love of the company of creative people and his understanding of their problems and processes that he was able to succeed in bridging that potential professional and social void.

He was also one of few of his contemporaries who actively sought and encouraged new talent. I think in almost every one of my stories there were new young actors whom he had discovered at a fringe venue and were appearing in their first television programme as a result. Many went on to achieve success and fame – a potential that he clearly saw and identified. He also liked to harness the talents of those whose earlier fame might have discouraged pusillanimous producers from employing them (and delicacy dictates that I should not name them here). But John knew that *Doctor Who* had always been bigger than the sum of its parts and could take the inclusion of star names, who invariably relished the opportunity to take part in the nation's favourite family show. Indeed, one actor told me that his ten-year-old son accepted the job on his behalf when his agent telephoned!

I find it hard to believe that any other producer would have enabled the programme to continue to be made for as long in the face of American big budgets and the increasingly sophisticated special effects that they could provide. It was by staying true to the programme's origins and the nature of the Doctor's persona that this was done, together with astute scripting and casting, and inspired marketing. America would not have embraced the Doctor in quite the way it did (limited, admittedly, but passionate and committed) were John not that most un-English thing – a showman in the true Barnum mould. His Hawaiian shirts became a trademark of the show as potent as the TARDIS itself. He was an honoured guest at PBS stations and conventions throughout the States and always gave good value, including some memorable renditions of songs from the musicals.

It is invariable that men of John's stature and personality should have detractors. A few of them were vocal and were without exception motivated by transparent jealousies based on their frustration that they weren't producing the show because (they deluded themselves) they could do a better job. Though we endeavoured to persuade him that these petty people were beneath contempt, John was hurt by the calumnies and vitriol promulgated by these people, many of whom had thitherto been grateful for his friendship and help in earlier times.

And John was a good friend to many people and causes. He is one of a very small number of people to whom I would have turned if I were ever in desperate straits and I know he would have responded with typical warmth and generosity. Tell him of a charity in need of funds or an individual in difficulty and he would put on a show to raise money before you could say "That's entertainment." And musicals were a great source of pleasure for him, a fact that was reflected at his cremation in Brighton.

There are a handful of people that one meets in life with whom an exchanged look can replace a conversation. We knew each other's little foibles so well that we had only to catch each other's eyes in certain situations to know what the other was thinking. We all agreed that he would have loved his send-off. In fact, on several occasions, I found myself wishing he were there so I could share a thought or smile with him (usually, I have to shame-facedly add, about one of the other mourners!)

The priest was a friend of John and Gary's and hit exactly the right note of celebration of John's life while reflecting our sadness that it was tragically cut short so early. One of John's favourite musical numbers was a song he had used more than once as a finalé for his pantomimes; it goes "It's not where you start, it's where you finish, it's not how you go, it's how you land" and is very showbizzy in tempo and feel. As the curtains closed around John's coffin, two great friends of his, Dora Bryan and Carol Kaye, did high kicks while we all sang along.

It was entirely appropriate, entirely wonderful and very John.

It made us all realise how much we were going to miss him.

John Nathan-Turner

PIP AND JANE BAKER Writers

Photo courtesy Pip and Jane Baker

We've never taken on a commission we didn't want to do. Till now.

It's Wednesday afternoon. We're having one of our rare attacks on the garden whilst awaiting two phone calls: one from Germany and one from here. The phone rings. It's neither of the expected producers. It's Clay Hickman, the editor: would we be willing to write a personal appreciation of JN-T? "Why?" we ask, thinking it's one of the magazine's Specials. And then we are told, for the first time, the sad news that John has died.

Some years ago we were working with Robert Ryan on a film and, in a rare confidential moment, he told us, rather regretfully, that the friends he could really call friends in the business could be counted on this – he held up one hand. If we held up our hands, most certainly one of the friends that would be counted on our extended fingers would be John Nathan-Turner.

John was not only a friend, he was a producer with whom it was a pleasure to work. A 'hands-on' practitioner, involved in every aspect of production. From the moment of inception to the final day's shooting, he kept everyone on their toes: enthusiastic and involved, part of the *Who* family.

This also applied to his writers. For him, far from being superfluous once the scripts were delivered, the writers were still an essential ingredient. Welcomed at rehearsals, run-throughs and on location. Never made to feel extraneous. Certainly that was our experience.

John was a true professional who came up from the studio floor, learning his craft as he progressed. To watch him during shooting was an eye-opener in itself. Completely in control, if he liked the way the episode was shaping up, he was generous in his praise. If he didn't, his criticism was gently – but firmly – spelt out. He was devoted to his work and to *Doctor Who* in particular. How he achieved the programme week after week on the limited budget at his command was a mystery to us.

Yet the answer was simple – he knew his job and made sure everyone involved knew theirs.

We found John to be a colleague whose trust, once gained, never wavered. Indeed, a fierce loyalty ensued. Arguments? Yes. Resolved? Always. And always amicably with no aftermath.

We enjoyed working with John.

We enjoyed his company, his numerous anecdotes and his mischevious sense of humour.

We shall miss him.

---

but it didn't pull any punches – and, in the hands of the newspaper editor, the printed version became sharper than I would have liked. Although I stand by what I said (which proved to be quite prophetic), on mature reflection I can see that there was a great deal of logistical and political background to the production of *Doctor Who* of which I was not then aware. I would rather not have had to write the article – but, to quote the Doctor himself, "They would always have found someone!" So, even though the piece had been written with the best of intentions, it caused such offence that all communication between myself and JN-T ceased for a good six months. When we did finally speak, John was sufficiently even-minded to listen to my explanation of the circumstances and reasons for writing the piece, even commenting wryly that it was he who had referred to me the newspaper's request for someone to write something. John then had his say – obviously he wasn't happy, but he was generous enough to consider my point of view and acknowledge my right to it – thereby displaying more balance and maturity than many fans of my acquaintance. Ironically, that was a turning point. If two people can get through a bust-up of that magnitude and still like each other, that's when acquaintance starts to become friendship.

'The relationship between John and the fans was chequered'

It saddens me that the abuse from fans continued. John was largely successful in concealing the fact that it got to him, but I could see that it clearly did. He was, after all, human – and so would distance himself from fandom from time to time when it all started to get too much. In 1989, my colleagues and I organised a one-day event to celebrate the previous year's anniversary season at the school in Hammersmith used as a location for *Remembrance of the Daleks*. John had withdrawn from appearing at events some two years or more previously and we went to the production office to persuade him to join us. There had been a wrap party the day before and John, ever the gracious host, insisted we have a glass of the remaining wine as we chatted. Explaining his reluctance to attend the event, he showed two examples of the kind of thing he constantly had to deal with (quite apart from producing the show). The first was a letter from the fan-leader of a local group, complaining bitterly that John hadn't taken the trouble to notify him of location filming which had recently taken place in their vicinity. Did John not know how foolish this had made him look in the eyes of his group? You will, of course, appreciate that John didn't even know they existed! The second item was a memo from BBC Enterprises: Could John please identify which of the three photos enclosed was a Dalek. Needless to say, none of them were – the closest they had got was a shot of Davros! I'm pleased to say we did manage to convince John of the warm welcome he would – and did – receive and he consented to join us for what proved to be a memorable day.

John's relationship with fandom continued to be chequered. At the time his contract expired at BBC Worldwide he was convinced (wrongly, I now know) that it was a result of a letter-writing campaign organised by the same vindictive fan publication that had caused him such trouble previously. Sadly, as a result, John chose not to join us for our 30th anniversary celebrations, which included Tom Baker's re-introduction to British conventions. We, the attendees, were the losers.

But John still became a staunch ally and a source of tremendous advice and assistance. As a showman he was second to none, and it was his tremendous sense of fun which turned the recent PanoptiCons into such great successes.

He was always very keen to be involved, and at the last two events produced, to a very professional standard, the Saturday evening cabarets which were so well received. Quite apart from those production skills, his mere presence could energise a room with outrageous jokes and fascinating stories, liberally sprinkled with bizarre references to his work on *All Creatures Grunt & Smell* or some such. John was a great one for such nicknames and, given my northern penchant for sarcasm and dour humour my own soubriquet was coined very early on: "Andrew Bitch – every word a lash"!

John, we will miss you; I especially. You taught me so much. It was a pleasure and a privilege to know you. *Ave atque Vale!*

GALAXY FOUR

Official Doctor Who Merchandise Suppliers

493 GLOSSOP ROAD, SHEFFIELD, S10 2QE, UK

Tel/Fax: 0114 2684976 email: orders@galaxy4.co.uk

web: www.galaxy4.co.uk

ORDERING INFORMATION:

All items in stock despatched within 24 hours of recieving your order. We won't charge any extra p&p to send items seperately. Credit/ Debit card orders are not charged until items ordered are available. List items required and send your delivery details with payment by cheque or uncrossed postal order (made payable to Galaxy 4) Alternativlely you can pay with your Visa, MasterCard, Switch, Solo, or Amex. We accept orders by post, phone, fax, or e-mail. Our shop and mail order service is open 10am-5pm Mon-Sat. Send an A5 S.A.E for our Dr. Who catalogue (or with any postal enquiry) International customers send 3 IRC's. All p&p rates quoted are UK only - International airmail shipping is charged at cost. We can only accept orders totalling £9.99 or above (excluding p&p)

DALEK ROLL-A-MATICS

DALEK ROLL-A-MATICS

2.5" tall in blister packs of 3

Evil Of The Daleks Remembrance
Day Of The Daleks Remembrance Set 2
£14.99 & £1.00 p&p each set

TALKING CYBERMAN

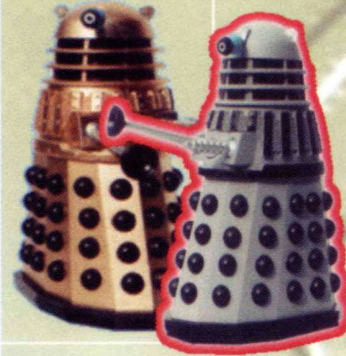
TALKING CYBERMAN 8.5" figure with gun and Cybermat £19.99 & £2.50 p&p

BBC RADIO COLLECTION
DOCTOR WHO
The Smugglers
THE ORIGINAL BBC TELEVISION SOUNDTRACK

Missing Stories CDs
The Smugglers
The Faceless Ones
Abominable Snowmen
£13.99 & 70p p&p each
The Dalek Masterplan
£29.99 & £1.50 p&p

AVAILABLE SOON: Enemy Of The World Order in advance for £13.99 POST FREE

SONIC SCREWDRIVER PEN
Pewter replica £14.99 & 70p p&p
MOVING IMAGE PEN SET
3 pens for £7.50 & 70p p&p



NEW TALKING DALEKS
Gold & Black
Grey & Black
still available:
Black & Gold
Silver & Blue
£24.99 & £2.50 p&p each

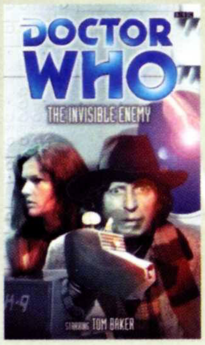
LIMITED EDITION FIGURINES
1st Doctor, 2nd Doctor £54.99 & £4.95 p&p

ORDER NEW THIRD DOCTOR FIGURINE BEFORE RELEASE FOR £54.99 POST FREE

ORDER NEW DAY OF THE DALEKS DIORAMA BEFORE RELEASE FOR £79.99 & £4.00 p&p

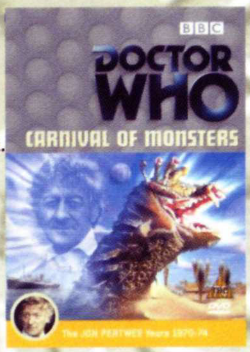
both scheduled for July 2002

Tomb Of The Cybermen Diorama
£79.99 & £8 p&p


DOCTOR WHO
THE INVISIBLE ENEMY
STARRING TOM BAKER

VIDEOS
Creature From The Pit
Ambassadors Of Death
Underworld
Planet Of Giants
£12.99 & £1.25 p&p ea.

NEW VIDEO DUE SEPT: THE INVISIBLE ENEMY £12.99 Pre-order now and receive post free on day of release.


BBC
DOCTOR WHO
CARNIVAL OF MONSTERS
The JON PERTWEE Years 1970-74

ORDER CARNIVAL OF MONSTERS DVD BEFORE RELEASE FOR £17.99 POST FREE (before 15.7.02)

The Ark In Space
Tomb Of The Cybermen
Vengeance On Varos
Dr Who The Movie
Caves Of Androzani
£19.99 & 70p p&p each DVD

THE DOCTORS
30 YEARS OF TIME TRAVEL AND BEYOND

NEW REELTIME VIDEO: KATY DOWN UNDER
A new video diary starring & signed by Katy Manning
£12.99 & £1.25 p&p

Dr Who & The Daleks DVD
both Peter Cushing Films & Dalekmania double disc set in REGION 2 format
£24.99 & £1.50 p&p

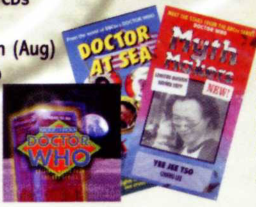
For the first time on DVD: THE DOCTORS: 30 Years Of Time Travel & Beyond
£12.99 & 70p p&p

DOCTOR WHO
NEVERLAND

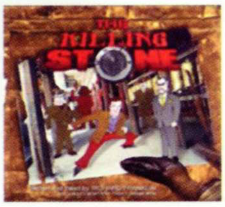
Neverland
Spare Parts (Jul)
Ish.. (Aug)*
Time Of The Daleks
Embrace The Darkness
£13.99 & 70p p&p each

Pre-order any CD marked * before release for £13.99 POST FREE

Sarah Jane Smith CDs
1: Comeback
2: Tao Connection (Aug)
£9.99 & 70p p&p


DOCTOR AT SEA
Myth Makers
DOCTOR WHO

GALAXY FOUR EXCLUSIVE!
order DOCTOR AT SEA or ReUNITed or MYTHMAKERS: Jee Yee Tso (signed) Videos for £12.99 & £1.25 p&p each and get a Dr Who Music CD absolutely FREE


THE KILLING STONE

KILLING STONE CD
New UNIT adventure read by Richard Franklin with bonus interview disc
£13.99 & 70p p&p

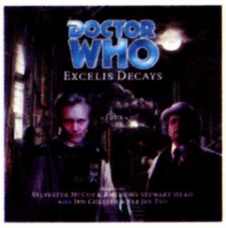
PROBE: Drone CD
Caroline John is back as Liz Shaw
£8.99 & 70p p&p

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
THE KEY TO TIME
THE TOM BAKER YEARS 1974-1981

KEY TO TIME DVD
All 6 stories of season 16 in 1 box set. (6 discs)
USA import in Region 1 format only
£119.95* & £4.50 p&p
*equivalent to £19.99 each DVD released Autumn 2002

Dr Who Chronicles
Season 3 Book
178 pages, A4
£13.99 & £2 p&p

NEW BOOK
Ultimate Dalek Survival Guide
£9.99 & £2.50 p&p
due autumn


DOCTOR WHO
EXCELIS DECAYS

Excelis Dawns £13.99
Excelis Rises
Excelis Decays
Bernice Summerfield & The Plague Herds Of Excelis
£9.99 & 70p p&p each

NOVELLAS
Vol 4: Ghost Ship
Vols 1-3 still available
Standard hardcover
£9.99 & £1.50 p&p
Deluxe signed hardcover
£24.99 & £1.50 p&p

TRADING CARDS SERIES 3
Ltd Edn Preview Set £8.99 & 50p p&p
Set of 120 cards £14.99 post free
Complete Box (36 packs) £49.99 post free

SOMETIMES THE ACE, SOMETIMES THE DEUCES

Concluding our look back at John Nathan-Turner's producership of *Doctor Who*, Gary Gillatt examines John's influence on the show during his ten year tenure – as well as the show's influence on JN-T ...

"I had huge ambitions to be Barry Letts," said John Nathan-Turner of his early dream of becoming a producer, which first came into focus while working as a floor assistant on the Jon Pertwee tale *Colony in Space* in 1970. He relished not only the whole messy, frenzied production process of this serial but also, as a former actor himself, the chance to spend time with a focussed creative team. John particularly loved the company of performers – the witty banter, the ribald stories, the gossip. His close relationship with the actors he would later employ on *Doctor Who* would be a defining characteristic of the man.

He may have wanted to be Barry Letts, but John had a long way to climb from floor assistant to producer. His career within the BBC took the necessary steps – to assistant floor manager then production assistant – before he informed his head of department, Bill Slater, of his desire to produce. John's recollection of Slater's response to this is very interesting: "If you're serious," said Slater, "you'd better learn the production unit manager's job by doing it, then the script editor's job, and then we'll talk again."

When John returned to *Doctor Who* in 1977, it was as a production unit manager. In this role, JN-T would work as assistant to Graham Williams throughout his time as producer, managing the accounts and overseeing bookings of studios, locations, staff and equipment. Later, Nathan-Turner would recount that he "dreaded" taking on this "monster of a show". Within the BBC, *Doctor Who* was recognised as brutal, unforgiving work that was not for the faint-hearted; it was far removed from the more straightforward fare, such as *All Creatures Great and Small* or *Angels*, on which John had been working immediately prior to his transfer. It's well worth looking at those next three years of *Doctor Who* through John's eyes. In many ways its possible to see how John's later priorities as producer were shaped by his time at Graham Williams' right hand.

Finances on the show, and at the BBC in general, were tight. High inflation meant that budgets were, in relative terms, dwindling, and this was at a time that the series' writers and script editors were presenting ever more extravagant ideas to the production team. A robot dog? (Fine.) A five-mile wide octopus? (It'll be ready by next Tuesday.) A location shoot in Paris? (You're on the next flight.) Several tonnes of intelligent jelly living in a pit? (I'm sure Mat can handle it.) In this crucible of chaos, John was learning that while almost anything could be done, there were limits to what could be

SYLVESTER McCOY The Seventh Doctor

John Nathan-Turner's personality was like his Hawaiian shirts – colourful. He was larger than life, he loved life and he shared that love with those around him.

He was extremely dedicated to *Doctor Who* and worked incredibly hard, even though, as I think he would have admitted himself, he had gone on beyond his time on the show – everyone needs a change now and then. It says much for John though, that when I was there he was still utterly committed to the series.

I know John suffered a great hurt when that work wasn't appreciated, but I also know that many people do realise how much he did for *Doctor Who*, not least those of us who were in it.

It is a goodbye far too soon.

The Leisure Hive: John inherited a tired and ill Tom Baker – who'd frequently take out his frustrations on his producer ...

done well, and done in such a way that the production team could retain their sanity through the madness. John would later summarise the production unit manager's job as: "loitering and encouraging the producer to say no to brilliantly creative and expensive ideas." It was John's duty to keep the show on budget, but this is not to say that he was in any way resistant to new or off-the-wall ideas. For example, John recalled, without a hint of recrimination, how the "highly talented" designer of *Underworld*, Dick Coles, spent his entire budget on one set. John then advised Graham Williams to record the rest of the serial using model backgrounds onto which the actors could be superimposed. "It was a bold move and not totally successful," John commented wryly, "but then breaking new ground rarely is." So we see how John relished the challenges presented by new technology and original ways of thinking, but with an enthusiasm rightly tempered by the basic practical sense of a production unit manager, whose job it was to ensure that money was spent in the most effective way possible. In the years to come, his guiding motto to the *Doctor Who* crew would be, "Spend money so it shows on screen".

Almost every production challenge that would be faced by John during his time as producer was something that he had already coped with, to a greater or lesser degree, as Graham Williams' PUM. When, in 1988, an asbestos scare at Television Centre meant that few studios were available, John knew that they could achieve perfectly acceptable results recording in a tent in a BBC car park. After all, in 1977 he had coped as sets were erected for *The Invasion of Time* inside a disused mental hospital in Surrey. When the series switched from using film to outside broadcast video cameras for location work in 1986, he knew precisely what results could be achieved, and how quickly, because this technique had been employed on *The Stones of Blood* in 1978. It's unlikely that *Doctor Who* would have made any of its attention-grabbing overseas filming trips to Amsterdam, Lanzarote and Spain in the 1980s if it hadn't been John Nathan-Turner himself who had budgeted the 1979 trip to Paris for *City of Death*. There he had seen the production descend into near chaos after production assistants had failed to seek suitable clearances for the use of locations, and stayed with the production unit in France, in Williams' absence, to sort everything out. It was a sobering lesson in how such sorties needed to be planned to the last detail. At the time, John swore that the series should never attempt such an extravagant excursion again. Later, he would come to realise, it was a good way to make sure that money showed on screen, and rather than curtailing the series' ambition, he was willing to take the show further and further afield – but only with the most reliable and trusted of crews on hand.

'DOCTOR WHO WAS RECOGNISED AS BRUTAL, UNFORGIVING WORK WHICH WAS NOT FOR THE FAINT-HEARTED, AND JOHN DREADED TAKING ON THIS MONSTER OF A SHOW'

John provided such staunch support to Graham Williams that the producer lobbied for a unique credit for his assistant: 'Associate Producer'. This was not a recognised title within the BBC during the 1970s, and the technical unions refused to countenance it. Nevertheless, the resolve with which Williams pursued what he felt was due credit for John is an indicationof how much the producer had come to rely on him. This is no measure of weakness or lack of ability on the part of Williams, however. It's important to bear in mind that Williams was, at heart, a writer, and much of his enthusiasm for *Doctor Who* stemmed from his interest in developing its fictional mythos, perhaps more so than any producer to that point. With his carefully mapped ideas for linked stories – what would now be referred to as a 'story arc' – charting the Doctor's quest for the Key to Time, and his detailed knowledge of the history of the Time Lords, there's no doubt that Williams took on more of the script editor's role than was traditional. Indeed, he twice stepped in at the eleventh hour to help write replacement serials. It's no surprise then, that with John on hand, and John's great, instinctive understanding of budgeting and

ANDREW CARTMEL Script Editor 1987-89

A month ago John Nathan-Turner died, at far too young an age. John was best known in his role as the producer of *Doctor Who* and this is how I too knew him best. During his tenure on the show, *Doctor Who* experienced extensive financial cutbacks and suffered from, to put it politely, lack of confidence from those higher up in the BBC hierarchy. But John loved the show and fought a fierce rearguard action to maintain standards. Having graduated from a production associate background, he understood the intricacies of budgeting television drama and knew how to apply money, no matter how limited, to maximum effect. So one of my fondest and most vivid memories of John is as a resourceful and indefatigable rebel, working within the system and playing it to his, and the show's, advantage.

Another of his great virtues was his supreme skill as an editor. Shooting a film or television drama is largely a matter of digging out crude ore. The footage you end up with needs to be refined, just like that ore, into the finished product. That's the editing, and it's a crucial part of making television, as important as getting a good script and filming it well. John was an editor of genius. One of the directors we worked with said that if he ever tired of producing he could always earn a living as a professional film editor, and it was true. I've lost track of how many times I sat slumped in discouragement, appalled at the rough cut of an episode which was vastly over-length, vastly under-length, or simply didn't make any dramatic sense, and John would light a cigarette, get a far away look of concentration in his eye and murmur, "Now if we just moved this scene there ..." And he'd always make it work, not just salvaging botched shows but improving good ones. The world of TV drama has lost one of its great editing talents.

But chiefly I'll remember John, and with great warmth, for another remarkable – and extremely rare – virtue: the willingness to give new talent a shot. In a business where everyone seems terrified to take a chance and conservatism dictates that proven mediocrity is better than untried genius, John unhesitatingly went against the grain. He was willing to look at the work of people who had no track record whatsoever and, if he had faith in them, give them the chance to work on a television show that would be seen all over the world, and for decades to come.

There are many beneficiaries of John's generosity of vision and uncommon courage in backing new talent: writers, actors, directors, composers and many more. I'm very proud to number myself amongst them.

production management, Williams had someone he could trust to deal with many of the day-to-day nuts-and-bolts of production.

But it wasn't just the technicalities of the producer's job that John came to appreciate during his work on Seasons Fifteen to Seventeen. These were strange times, after all. Tom Baker had, by now, been playing the Doctor for half a decade, and had clear ideas of his own about how the series should be developed and managed. While he was on friendly terms with Williams, and respected the man enormously, Baker was ever more willing to test the limitations of his powers as the series' star. He would, he now readily admits, try the patience of directors and other personnel, often moving the most laid-back of crew members to fierce and vitriolic response. There was nothing malicious in Baker's behaviour, it was a mere side effect of his boredom, frustration, and desire to find new ways of tackling the material. If a director stood firm, Baker's frustration would find vent upon his producer instead, and John Nathan-Turner was witness to this. "Tom and Graham would often be close and spend hours togther talking, and other times they would be at loggerheads," he recalled. "I really couldn't fathom it out. I provided Graham with as much support as I could. I listened to his problems and hoped for the best." It wasn't, of course, John's job to interfere, even if he could come to understand the nature of Baker and Williams' complex relationship. He would have been painfully aware of the problems created in actually getting episodes finished when this kind of personal business intruded upon work on the studio floor. It would become John's policy to encourage his team to deal with these kind of issues – personality clashes, spats, full-blown rows – out of the way of the production process and behind closed doors wherever possible. While he was a man quite able and willing to stand his ground in an argument, what John loved most about making television was the team spirit and the cameraderie. After all, it was the hectic-but-fun atmosphere of *Doctor Who* that had driven his ambition to ultimately

***City of Death*: John's time in Paris informed later stories**

GARY RUSSELL Producer/former DWM Editor

For reasons too long and boring to go into, I found myself sitting in an office at the BBC's Threshold House in Shepherds Bush one spring afternoon in 1980. I was talking to a friend, flicking through some no doubt highly confidential BBC paperwork when I saw the name John Nathan-Turner listed as the producer of *Doctor Who*. In the days before fandom was quite as accessible as it is now, the name meant very little to me. "Who's he?" I asked my friend. "Has he taken over *Doctor Who* from Graham Williams?" I was told he had and then, a minute or so later, a man walked past the office, and my friend called out to him: "John. This is Gary. He's a fan!" My immediate memory of John was his smile – with hindsight I suspect it was the smile of a man who knew he had the greatest gig in television. At the time, I just assumed that *Doctor Who* fans were as rare as hen's teeth (ha!) and he was chuffed to meet one.

A few months later I remember writing to him – partly because I was setting up my own *Doctor Who* fanzine and wanted a set visit (oh the naïvety) and secondly, as I was an actor at the time, I wanted to play Adric – a new character who had been leaked to the press. John wrote me a sweet letter saying the part had been cast, but if anything came up, he'd get in touch.

Shortly after that, I began my "career" in *Who* fandom, editing the newsletter of the Doctor Who Appreciation Society which meant a certain amount of regular contact with the production office (usually via Jane Judge, John's secretary). So when I next saw John in person, at the PanoptiCon convention in Mile End in the autumn of 1981, I doubted he'd remember me. Why should he? The man by then had been dubbed "the fans' producer", and every *Doctor Who* fan wanted a slice of his time. But he remembered me, he remembered what I did in fandom *and* he remembered what I did in real life. A few weeks later he asked me to audition for the role of Brendan in *K9 and Company*. Obviously I didn't get it, but we spent just as much time chatting about that as we did *Doctor Who* in general.

You see, John, always, from day one, was genuinely interested in what people thought of the show. Obviously, I gushed, crept and crawled like mad. I didn't want to say what I really thought of *Meglos*. Or Adric. Or *Logopolis* (I'd save that for my time writing reviews for this magazine – when I'd see John's famous blue pencil slice through my less tactful phrases). But, I can honestly say, I liked him.

Over the next 20-odd years, we bumped into each other quite a lot. I did get my set visit, a year or two later, and he graciously showed me and fellow *Doctor Who* fans Peter Lovelady and Peter Anghelides around the studios of *Snakedance*. And, once I began freelancing for **Doctor Who Magazine** in 1983, we nattered about things frequently – not least the aforementioned blue pencil which would be thrust through anything that he felt was inappropriate. Naturally, we'd argue about such things – often quite heatedly – but ultimately he was right more often than he was wrong.

Of course, we had a lot of laughs too. Albertine's wine bar or The Bush pub became semi-regular haunts where he'd talk about Glenda Jackson nearly doing *Enlightenment*, or Koo Stark not quite doing *Attack of the Cybermen*, or his anger at one licensee he'd met the day after *Battlefield* Part One had gone out, who'd delighted in telling him that it was "a pile of shit – and then in the same breath asked me to approve his latest [insert item of merchandise of your choice]!" John weathered criticism astonishingly well – he certainly got more than his fair share in the late 1980s, most of it pretty unjustified. I think what upset him wasn't the actual criticism, but the fact that those making it were people he'd originally trusted and treated as friends.

It was that which stopped me ever getting too critical of his work – I understood just what he was putting up with at the BBC and couldn't really see the point of waging campaigns to have him "removed from office". It just seemed so petty. John presumably thought the same as he rose above it and never, ever stooped to his critics' level (though I know he was tempted).

I think it's John's humour – a very black humour I might add – that I recall best. Always ready with a waspish put down and a smile that let you know he didn't mean it (except when he did – believe me, you knew if he was *really* pissed off with you!), I remember having great fun with him in the bar at the National Film Theatre after the recording of Tom Baker's links for *Shada*. Or heading round to his London house one night to go through the clips chosen for *The Tom Baker Years*, because he knew that I can name *Doctor Who* actors from ten thousand paces and he needed to identify everyone in the clips so they could get paid. He and Gary Downie sat there with myself and John Ainsworth, going through each clip. And we'd learn whether those featured were: a) dead; b) gay; c) married to a high-up at the BBC and that was why they got the job; d) took heaps of cocaine; e) all of the above. It was a sign of trust that he knew I'd keep my gob shut.

I was deeply honoured when, in 1992, John was organising a spate of talks at venues around the country where Tom Baker or Colin would do an hour, then Fiona Cumming or Peter Moffatt, or a costume designer or a musician. Five or six *Doctor Who* people per day would get up and talk to the fans – and he asked me to go to Bristol and do a talk on the *Doctor Who* books. He'd clocked that I was a tad obsessive about those scrawny old Target novels and, out of the blue, asked me to rabbit on about them for an hour.

But it wasn't always flippant *Who*-based chit-chat. I can clearly recall, at a convention in 1996, sitting in the hospitality lounge between my duties as MC and just talking about life. He was on a bit of a downer about *Doctor Who* then, thinking this might be his last convention, but as we talked, I realised it wasn't really that which was the problem. His mother was unwell, he'd recently had a cancer scare and it'd just made him aware of life a bit more, I guess. For the first time, I was sitting and talking about real things with a man I'd known nearly half my life and we found a few things in common away from what is, after all, just a TV programme.

I last saw John in November 2001, in Newcastle. By then, my role in the Big Finish gang had resulted in me no longer being the interviewer but being the interviewee. A weird *volte face*, but one I rather enjoy. As myself and Nick Briggs were saying our farewells, John, who'd just bought both of us a small farewell tipple leant over to me and said quietly "Well, done. You lot deserve this."

If I'd known then that I'd never see him again, I'd have stayed longer and had a good gossip. But I didn't know.

Thanks for everything John, I'm one of a lot of people who will miss having you around.

Oh, and I still owe you a drink ...

John Nathan-Turner

GRAEME HARPER Director

I was utterly shocked to hear that John had passed away, he was such a powerful light in all the lives that came close to him. He will never fade away from our hearts. He was always a pleasure to be with and he was always ready to make you laugh, he enjoyed life, he had fun and he made sure that that, while you were within his vicinity, you had fun too.

I will always remember his wicked sense of humour, the twinkle in his eyes; the world was a brighter place the day he was born.

He embraced life! He dared the world to push him down and if it ever did, we certainly never knew about it as John would have made sure he picked himself up and battled away dusting himself off and started all over again.

He would never give up. He had a devil-may-care attitude that carried us all along with him on whatever adventure he picked us to join him in. He was a big personality in the world of television and we will never forget him.

I first met John at the end of the 1960s. We were both Junior assistant Directors in Drama Serials department at BBC Television in London. Even then, though most of us were unsure of our futures, we all knew that John Nathan-Turner was going to achieve something gloriously important in television. His heart and soul were deeply entrenched in theatre and TV and he always kept one foot in each camp.

Production teams, actors and actresses were his life blood, as was the sniff of a good script. With all the confidence and ability of the wonderful producer that he was, he would combine all these elements and guide us towards making a terrific production. It was a joy to achieve something for him.

We will all remember him most for his ten years as producer of *Doctor Who*. He took over the show in the late 1970s and reinvented the series, keeping it well up-to-date despite the odds that were against him, and helping to keep it vibrant and exciting by casting fabulous performers – both big stars and lesser-known artistes, giving a great number of them, both young and elderly, opportunities to play parts that they might not normally have had the chance to play.

He also gave many new directors a chance to shine where others would not; he took risks and the results were that we all had a fabulous time working on a magical production, with him encouraging us to use our nerves, live dangerously, take gambles with production values and give the show plenty of pace and energy.

He was very loyal to his teams, enabling us to go out and make exciting stories by giving total backup and support to us, then sharing the glory with the whole team. He was inspiring and he was unique, making everyone feel they had an important part to play.

John and many of his contemporaries, including myself, worked on many *Doctor Who* stories during our careers (in various capacities) and eventually he became the boss of the show. He had a big hand in going to America to promote the series and achieved for it quite a following. I believe his efforts greatly contributed to keeping the *Doctor Who* phenomenon alive in the eyes of the public even after such a long time.

We will all miss this wonderful, larger-than-life character who helped so many of us to achieve high standards in production and to enjoy ourselves in his company. I will always be grateful for the wonderful step up the ladder he gave me in my directing career and for making my life all the richer for having known him.

Thank you John.

pursue the job of producer – so public argument pained him enormously, and he would always find it difficult to carry on working with anyone who refused to maintain what he believed to be reasonable standards of good manners and loyalty.

During November 1979, John was called to the office of Head of Series and Serials Graeme McDonald and offered the producership of *Doctor Who*. Such was the strength of Tom Baker's position at the time, the actor was informed of this change in stewardship before John himself. And so, with production of *Doctor Who* in chaos as industrial action pushed the final story of Season Seventeen slowly to, and then past, the point of collapse, John stepped into the breach. Considering everything he had learned over the previous three years, John was the ideal man to take charge of the series. No new producer had ever come with such a huge volume of specifically relevant experience, and it would allow him to hit the ground running. He didn't need to spend a year learning how the show was put together before he had the confidence to implement changes and make his own mark. He could begin to reshape things to his own liking from the very outset.

John Nathan-Turner, Sophie Aldred and Sylvester McCoy celebrating 25 years of a Time Lord in 1988. © David J Howe

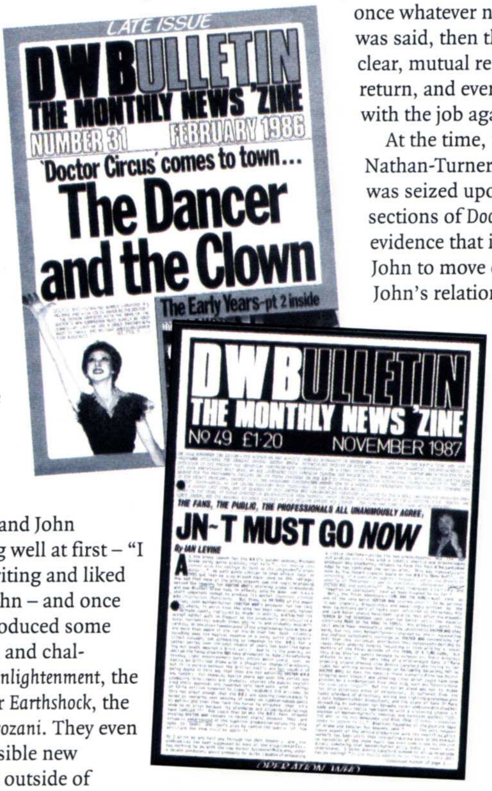
It's a measure of the man that he agreed to be the 'star' of a book called *A Day With a TV Producer* on what was, to all intents and purposes, his first day *as* a TV producer. He had every right – he already knew precisely what the job involved.

In looking at John's record as producer of *Doctor Who*, its important to have a clear idea of the nature of this most demanding of postings. The series – with its nearly-but-never-quite overwhelming demands of a thousand technicalities – was always too much for one person to carry alone. Fans are familiar with the series' many behind-the-scenes double acts; the producer/script editor teams who, in offices side-by-side, would share the responsibility for powering and steering the juggernaut of *Doctor Who*, often finding lasting friendship forged in this most demanding of environments. Verity Lambert and David Whitaker, Innes Lloyd and Gerry Davis, Barry Letts and Terrance Dicks, Phillip Hinchcliffe and Robert Holmes. All jointly shouldered the immense burden of *Doctor Who* – a weight too great for any of them to bear alone.

As mentioned earlier, when John first voiced his ambition to produce to Bill Slater back in 1971, Slater told him to "learn the production unit manager's job by doing it, and then the script editor's job". It's interesting that Slater thought a producer should be trained as a script editor. Fate, of course, meant that John did not work through this thumbnail plan, and was asked to step straight from production unit manager to producer, and this on a show where the producer's relationship with the script editor was key. Whatever any individual fan's taste in *Doctor Who* – serious or silly, action-packed or cerebral – its fair to say that the show was always at its most focussed and effective when the relationship with producer and script editor was at its most harmonious. It's familiar to talk of the development of *Doctor Who* in terms of 'eras' named after the producer – the Hinchcliffe Era, the Williams Era *et al* – but while many have argued that it would be more accurate to discuss the ever-shifting tone of the series in terms of the influences of ever-changing script editors – 'the Holmes Era' or 'the Adams Era' perhaps – this would still only be half the picture as the team was always the thing. It is during the periods in the show's history where this managerial pairing isn't so strongly bonded that the series seems to wobble and lose focus – and we can look to Season Three or Season Six as examples of this.

As producer of *Doctor Who*, John would work chiefly with three script editors: Christopher Bidmead, Eric Saward and Andrew Cartmel. This nine year period is generally recognised as beginning (Seasons Eighteen and Nineteen) and ending (Seasons Twenty-Five to Twenty-Six) with many popular and successful serials. John liked and respected Bidmead and Cartmel, and gave them room to develop scripts for the show according to their own vision. John loved original thinking, and was delighted that Bidmead and Cartmel were totally commited to their own personal idea of the type of stories *Doctor Who* should tell. There's a universe of difference between a Bidmead commission such as *Warriors' Gate* and a Cartmel-sponsored script such as *Delta and the Bannermen*, but John was able and happy to embrace both points of view. As long as his script editor could argue his case consistently and with passion, John was happy to support them. This creative relationship, when working well, could bring us such well-loved and varied *Doctor Who* stories as *Kinda* and *The Curse of Fenric*, *Logopolis* and *Remembrance of the Daleks*.

Sadly, however, the years between Bidmead and Cartmel span a time where the producer and the script editor are remembered more for their enmity than their friendship. Eric Saward and John Nathan-Turner got along well at first – "I was impressed by his writing and liked him as a person" said John – and once again, a relaxed team produced some great work: the complex and challenging *Snakedance* and *Enlightenment*, the fast-moving and popular *Earthshock*, the sublime *The Caves of Androzani*. They even worked together on possible new projects to be developed outside of *Doctor Who*. Unfortunately, over the course of their years working together, Nathan-Turner and Saward's relationship soured, both men claiming the other was responsible for this state of affairs. When Saward left the show in 1986, he took the opportunity of an interview in the science fiction magazine *Starburst* to launch an unprecedented attack on his former producer. This shook John to the core, so firmly did it go against his principles of loyalty and good manners. Many others who worked on the series during the 1980s have been asked about their experiences of working with John, and while many will comment on his assorted eccentricities or vanities – all of which John would happily admit to himself – not a single other individual ever attacked John in the same manner as Saward. Indeed, there are directors or actors who had serious differences of opinion with John, but all recall that once whatever needed to be said was said, then the air would be clear, mutual respect would be return, and everyone could get on with the job again.


LATE ISSUE

DW BULLETIN

THE MONTHLY NEWS 'ZINE

NUMBER 31 FEBRUARY 1986

'Doctor Circus' comes to town...

The Dancer and the Clown

The Early Years–pt 2 inside

DW BULLETIN

THE MONTHLY NEWS 'ZINE

Nº 49 £1·20 NOVEMBER 1987

THE FANS, THE PUBLIC, THE PROFESSIONALS ALL UNANIMOUSLY AGREE,

JN~T MUST GO *NOW*

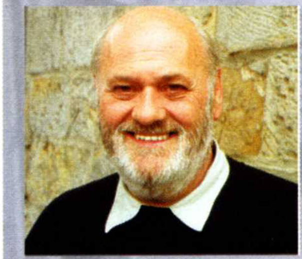
By IAN LEVINE

At the time, the painfully public Nathan-Turner/Saward bust-up was seized upon by certain sections of *Doctor Who* fandom as evidence that it was past time for John to move on from *Doctor Who*. John's relationship with the fans would always be a tangle of contradictions. In 1980, it was not only *Doctor Who* that had come of age; its earliest and now most loyal fans had also reached adulthood and were demanding different things of the programme they had grown up with. Although the wit and manic atmosphere of the Graham Williams/Douglas Adams stories of the late 1970s had proved very popular with millions of casual viewers, fans of a certain age felt that this team had trivialised their favourite programme, and come within a hair's breadth of destroying it completely. When Nathan-Turner and Bidmead arrived, determined to improve production values and tell more serious stories, many fans championed John as a 'saviour'. After all, he was helping to make *Doctor Who* more grown-up, just as it had always seemed when they were children.

Of course, it was the fans who had changed, not the series. *Doctor Who* would never be able to surprise and delight them in the same way it had done 15 or 20 years before, but most couldn't see that. It was claimed that the show had lost its ability to thrill and terrify, whereas it was simply these viewers who had lost the ability to be thrilled or terrified. John would face attacks upon every aspect of the series,

'AT THE TIME, THE PAINFULLY PUBLIC NATHAN-TURNER/SAWARD BUST-UP WAS SEIZED UPON BY SOME SECTIONS OF DOCTOR WHO FANDOM AS EVIDENCE THAT IT WAS TIME FOR JOHN TO LEAVE'

IAN FRASER Production Manager



I was thrilled when John offered me the chance to work on *Doctor Who*, as I had always been a fan. I always found John to be a very firm but fair producer. He cared about people and he was always available to talk to if you had any problems.

What most of us could not understand were the personal attacks made on John by some of the fans, as without the work John did within the BBC, the show would have been cancelled much sooner than it was.

John liked to pick his crew so that they were a team, able to work together. This he was very good at, and on the odd occasion when it didn't work he resolved the problem extremely quickly.

John started so many young actors on their careers, revived the careers of quite a few older actors and made *Doctor Who* into one of the highest-earning programmes in the history of the BBC.

John was a caring producer who tried a number of times to move on to other programmes but the BBC insisted he stay, which I consider was great for *Doctor Who* but detrimental to John's career.

I will miss him as a colleague and even more as a friend.

FIONA CUMMING
Director

John's ability to see the potential in everyone around him, often when they were unaware of it themselves, and to help them fully to develop their talent was masterly. All of us who worked with him were aware that we counted equally in the jigsaw of his creation of a production, whether for television or stage. This meant that his cast and crew were always greater than the sum of their parts,largely due to his confidence in our abilities.

Life with John was volatile, enthusiastic and full of surprises. Any journey was punctuated by home-made sarnies, often containing the most unusual combination of fillings, which always tasted delicious. Location trips were adventures. Disasters on filming were quickly rethought, often to advantage. The rare flash of temperament was fast, furious and quickly over, like a summer storm. Celebrations like Christmas and birthdays were planned, anticipated and thoroughly enjoyed. John felt that with enthusiasm and hard work anything can be achieved and certainly lived up to this belief both in his work and his personal life.

I feel immensely lucky to count JN-T as my friend for half my lifetime – the world will seem a much less colourful place without him.

from storylines to marketing, costumes to casting, and would, more often than not, listen politely and endeavour to do his best to satisfy the frequently illogical demands of his attackers to make the show more scary (but not violent), funnier (but not comedic), more popular (but not by casting big-name stars) or more serious (but can the Silurians come back please?).

And it wasn't just the older fans that attacked John. Many whose memories of *Doctor Who* reached back less than ten years complained that he wasn't producing stories to the standards set by such serials as, say, *Tomb of the Cybermen* or *The Dæmons*, despite having never seem either of these adventures themselves. Younger fans learned about the 'classic' stories of days gone by from older fans, and swallowed this 'official' history completely. The fact that *Doctor Who* had always been a series of variable standards was conveniently forgotten as *Terror of the Vervoids* was ruled an embarrassing disaster in comparison to *The Web of Fear* or *The Massacre*. Of course, no-one ever cared to judge it alongside *The Dominators* or *The Space Pirates*.

In 1986 a headline on the notoriously JNT-loathing fanzine *Doctor Who Bulletin* screamed that "89% of fans want a NEW producer!", quoting the results of a survey which sampled the opinions of around 100 readers. In asking fans to identify the reasons for *Doctor Who*'s 'failure', one of the boxes available to tick was the not-at-all leading 'Stagnation caused by JN-T's endless tenure'. It should be noted that *DWB* had recently proclaimed 1984's *The Caves of Androzani* as 'The Greatest Story of All Time'. All credit for *Androzani* went, of course, to writer Robert Holmes, director Graeme Harper and the serial's stars. It was conveniently forgotten that it was John Nathan-Turner who put this team together.

> **'FEW UNDERSTOOD JOHN'S RUEFUL REMARK "I'VE BEEN PERSUADED TO STAY" – THIS 'PERSUASION' WAS OF A SORT FAVOURED BY THE MAFIA; THE BLACKMAILING KIND ...'**

The great irony is that by this stage no-one wished *Doctor Who* could have a new producer more fervently than John Nathan-Turner himself. There were many other projects on which he wanted to work, and he feared being stuck in a rut. Unfortunately, he was a victim of his own success. While he continued to bring in a season of *Doctor Who* each year on time and on budget, BBC management considered him too useful to move. Each successive year after 1983 he pleaded with bosses for a new posting, and each year he was turned down. He then had to face the vitriol of a fandom eager to tell him just how bad he was at his job. John, unable and unwilling to attack his employers, tried to communicate his frustration to fans by saying each year "I've been persuaded to stay", but few understood the subtlety of this remark. This sort of "persuasion" wasn't bribery or flattery, rather the form of persuasion favoured by the Mafia; the threatening, blackmailing kind. Each year he tried to tell his critics that he was being forced against his will to stay with the series, and they instead chose to interpret his droll apology as some kind of smug catchphrase. In the end, the fact that John was effectively chained to the desk in the *Doctor Who* office, year after year, meant that he could not avoid still being the man in charge when the plug was ultimately pulled on the series in 1989. Some take this as reason to hold him responsible for the cancellation of the show. This couldn't be further from the truth.

By the 1980s, tastes in family drama had changed. Science fiction, which had once been a popular TV diversion, no longer flourished in the UK; its home was now seem to be in Hollywood, or among the big-budget output of the US TV networks. Standards had been redefined and audience expectations changed, leaving little interest in the likes of *Doctor Who* among the wider viewing public. There would always be a rock-solid fan following for the series, and programmes like it, but never an audience big enough to sustain it in an increasingly competitive marketplace. Subjectively, the quality of *Doctor Who* did not diminish during its last decade, as anyone who was ten years old during the transmission of *Remembrance of the*

The Caves of Androzani: **Just one of many highly-acclaimed productions overseen by John – though he was rarely given any credit.**

NICHOLAS COURTNEY The Brigadier

"Mister Courtney, your call please."

"Thank you," I said.

That describes my first meeting with John Nathan-Turner during the recording of *The Ambassadors of Death*. At that time John was Floor Assistant on *Doctor Who*. The next time we met was at Tom Baker's farewell party after he had played the Doctor for seven years. Towards the end of the party John came up to me and wondered if I remembered him. I did, and after we exchanged the usual pleasantries he asked me if I would be interested in returning to the programme which he was now the producer of. Without any hesitation I replied in the affirmative – asking him, "how soon?"

After my return in *Mawdryn Undead* John asked me to appear in *The Five Doctors*, in which most of my scenes would be with Patrick Troughton. I looked forward with eagerness to that, since I had always found Pat a joy to work with. About this time John and I started our transatlantic trips to America as conventions were being held with great regularity all over the States. Chicago in 1983 was memorable; 13,000 attendees during an incredible weekend! That was only one of many happy times in the company of John. This was the beginning of a very firm friendship and we used to meet regularly in various hostelries or at the BBC club. In 1989 John asked me to come out of retirement, as it were, and do a story with Sylvester McCoy, in which it was proposed that the Brigadier would finally be killed off. I thought about this and agreed; the Brig had, after all, been around rather a long time! My demise was postponed, however, because of the manner in which the story was developed.

Since 1990 John and I have been in constant touch. He agreed to edit my autobiography in 1998; we continued to meet at conventions year in and year out; mutual problems would be discussed and aired; he was even my best man on the occasion of my second marriage.

I am immensely grateful for the time spent in his company. He was a good friend. And, like his many other friends, and fans of the programme (for whom he always found time), I shall miss him very much.

Making time for the fans: John's relationship with *Doctor Who* fandom was chequered, but he tried to meet and talk with the show's enthusiasts as often as possible.

Daleks will assure us. Simply, the writing had been on the wall for *Doctor Who* for many years, and however hard John Nathan-Turner and his team fought to find a new audience – by constant reinvention, by big name casting, by eager hyping of news to the press – they could not avoid the simple truth that public taste had moved on. John knew this, and feared being trapped on the show when the inevitable end came, becoming known as 'the man who killed *Doctor Who*'.

Sadly he couldn't escape the show and, for some time, couldn't escape the blame. The terrible truth is that if John had opted to leave *Doctor Who* one, two or three years earlier, and thereby end his career with the BBC, the Corporation would have undoubtedly suspended production of the series there and then, so lacking were they in any idea of what to do with it. Far from being the man who sank the series, he was the last man on deck, frantically bailing for all he was worth. So if you found anything at all to enjoy in those last years of *Doctor Who*, then it is John Nathan-Turner you should thank.

Looking back, the treatment John received at the hands of *Doctor Who* fandom in the 1980s seems even more cruel and unjust in this 21st century world of BBC Books and Big Finish audio adventures. John cast three actors in the role of the Doctor and was criticised for his choice each time, although the most fervent attacks followed his selection of Colin Baker. (In the *Doctor Who Bulletin* poll mentioned above, Baker's name is one of the other options on that tick list of '*Doctor Who*'s failure'.) Next issue, **Doctor Who Magazine** publishes the results of its own annual readers' survey. This seems a good opportunity to announce, in advance, that the winner of the 'Best Actor' award is Colin Baker. It seems John's judgement wasn't so far off after all.

Each of John's lead actors continue to enjoy great acclaim in the audio adventures, as do all those who have returned to reprise their roles as companions. John was once roundly berated for his casting choices, but while those same actors have long-since been taken to fandom's collective bosom, few ever stopped to apologise to John, to admit that he had been right. It's also worth noting that as a consultant to BBC Enterprises, it was John who gave the go-ahead for Virgin's range of *New Adventures* novels, which built on ideas and characters which he had brought, or encouraged others to bring, to the show. The new *Doctor Who* we enjoy today is John Nathan-Turner's *Doctor Who*.

To the end, John was as passionate about *Doctor Who* as any reader of this magazine. He loved the programme and worked longer and harder than anyone else in the series' history to make it as good, as popular and as valued as it could possibly be. As a man, John valued loyalty and friendship above all else, and he was forever a loyal friend to *Doctor Who*. DWM

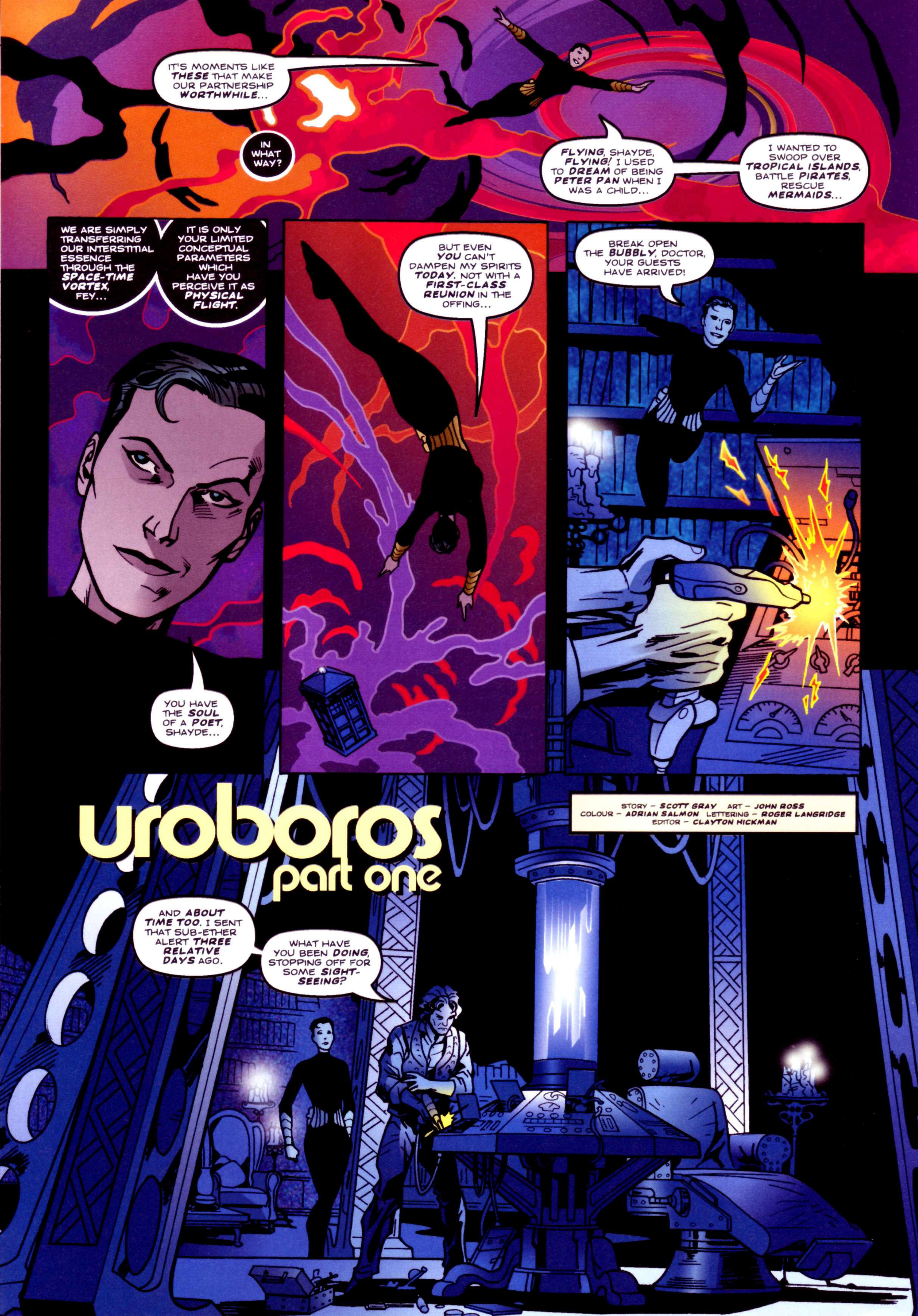
MIKE TUCKER Visual Effects Designer

My first contact with John was when I was a student, trailing the effects crew in studio during Colin's final season. John was a formidable presence, always on the studio floor checking that everything was just right with sets, costumes and props before recording commenced. I must have stuck out like a sore thumb, wandering the studio in a daze because I'd finally got the chance to work in a profession that I had always wanted to, and awe-struck because I had got to work on a programme that I had loved as a kid. With my camera slung around my neck and a dumb smile on my face John had every right to be suspicious of me – the programme having had enough problems with stories being leaked to the press – but after having had a quiet word with effects designer Mike Kelt as to who I was he gave me the benefit of the doubt and over the next few years made good creative use of my love of the show rather than being concerned about it.

John was a great one for understanding how people worked, and how they worked together. Script editor Andrew Cartmel used to hold regular brainstorming sessions with Ben Aaronovitch, Marc Platt and myself, and it was only much later that I discovered that John had deliberately stayed away from these sessions, reasoning that he would prefer to see what we came up with away from his influence, allowing us free reign, and then picking the best ideas from the bunch.

This understanding of people meant that during his last few years on *Doctor Who* he started to build up a regular team – a rep company – matching people who gelled well together then standing back and watching the result, and I was very proud to have been part of that company.

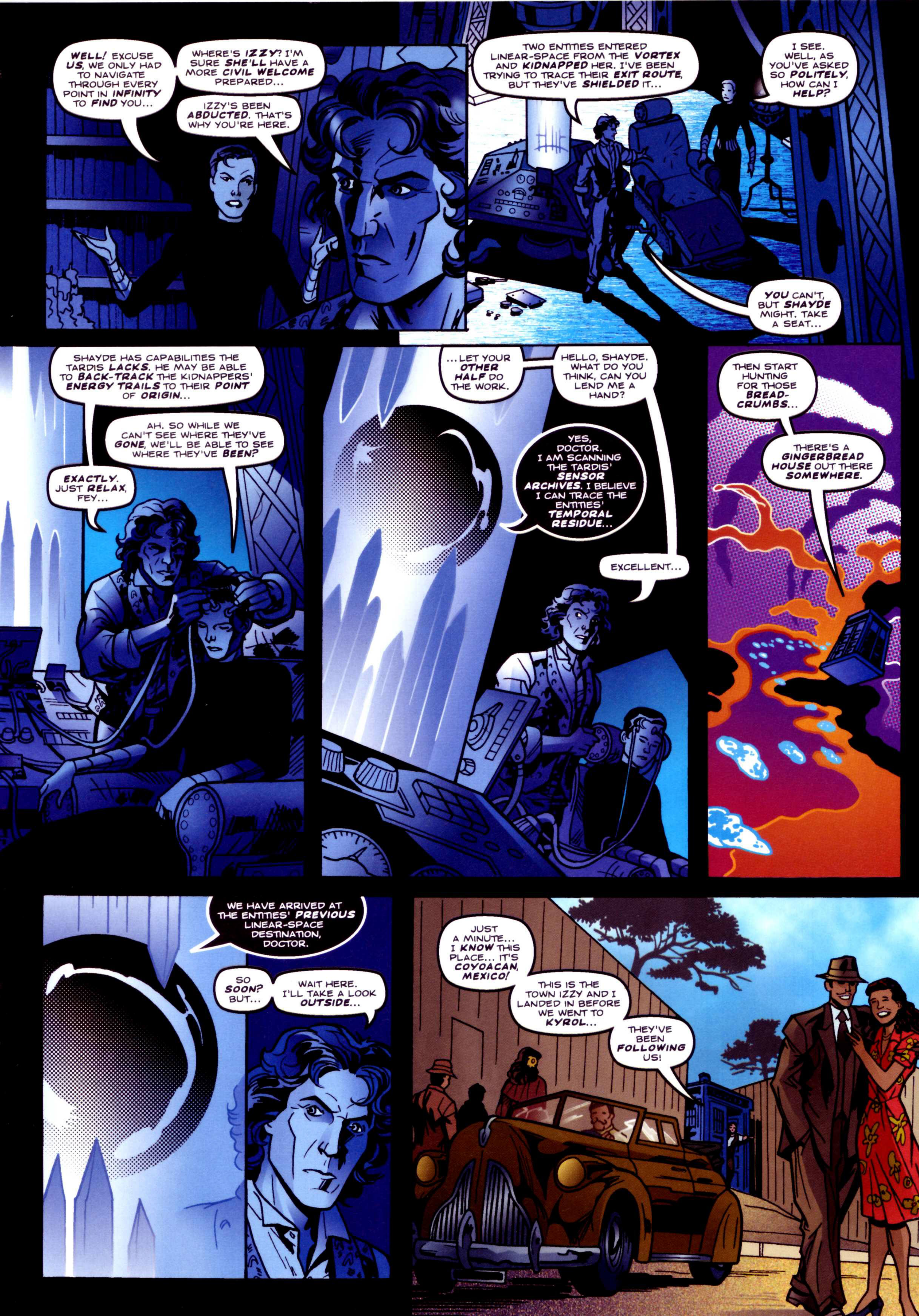
John was a great influence on my career, and a source of much sage advice to a young man very new to television. He'll be sadly missed.

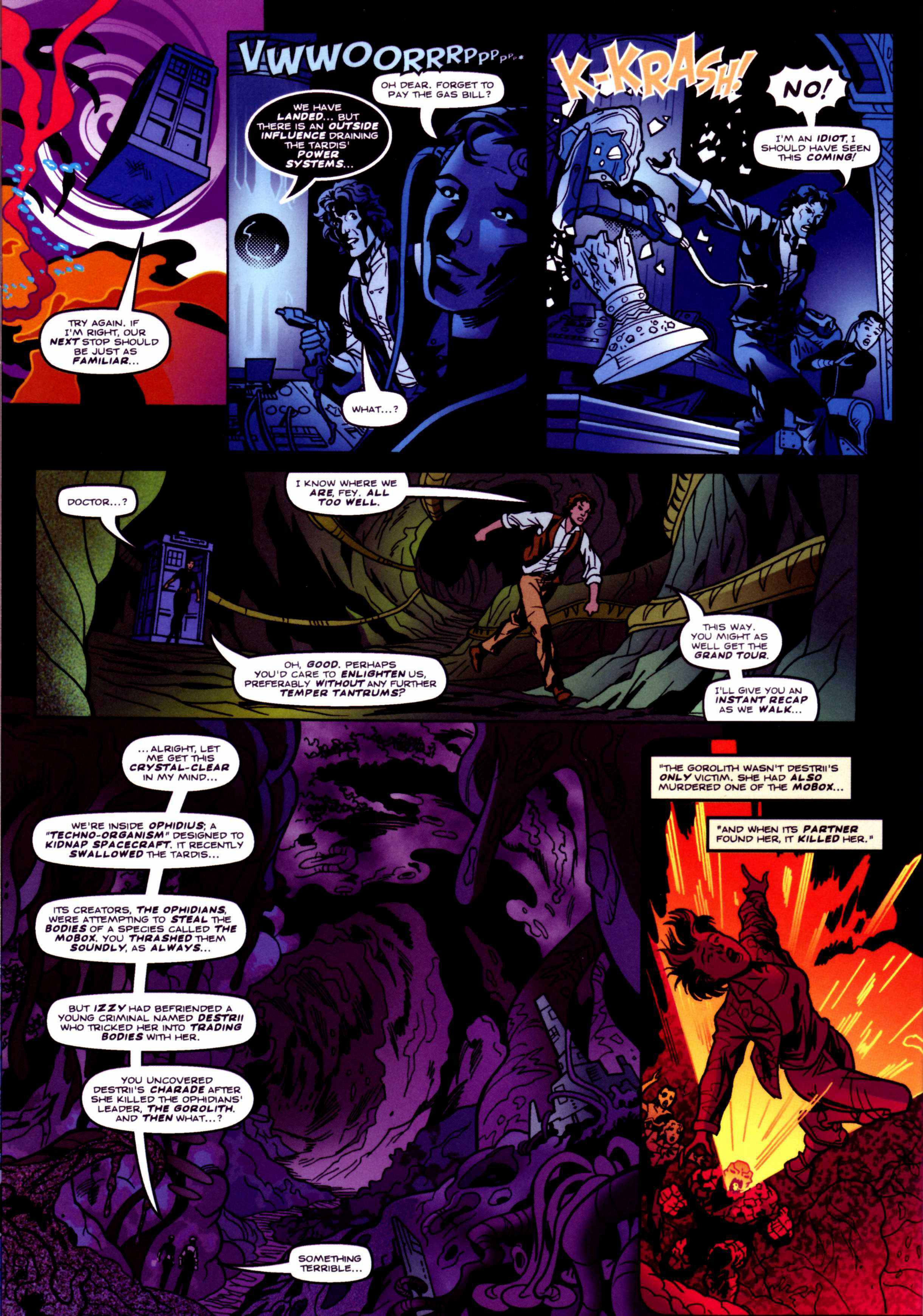


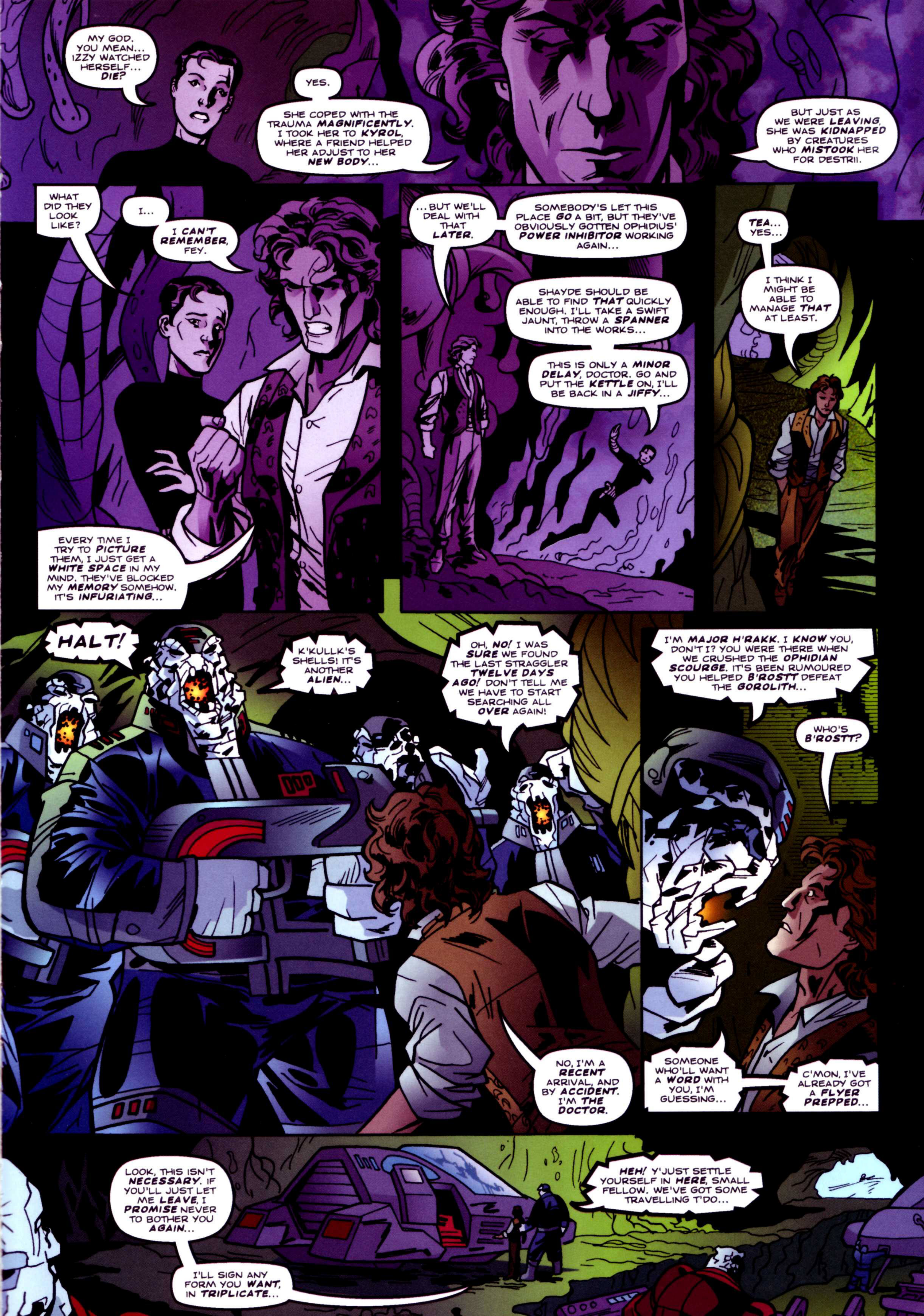
uroboros
part one

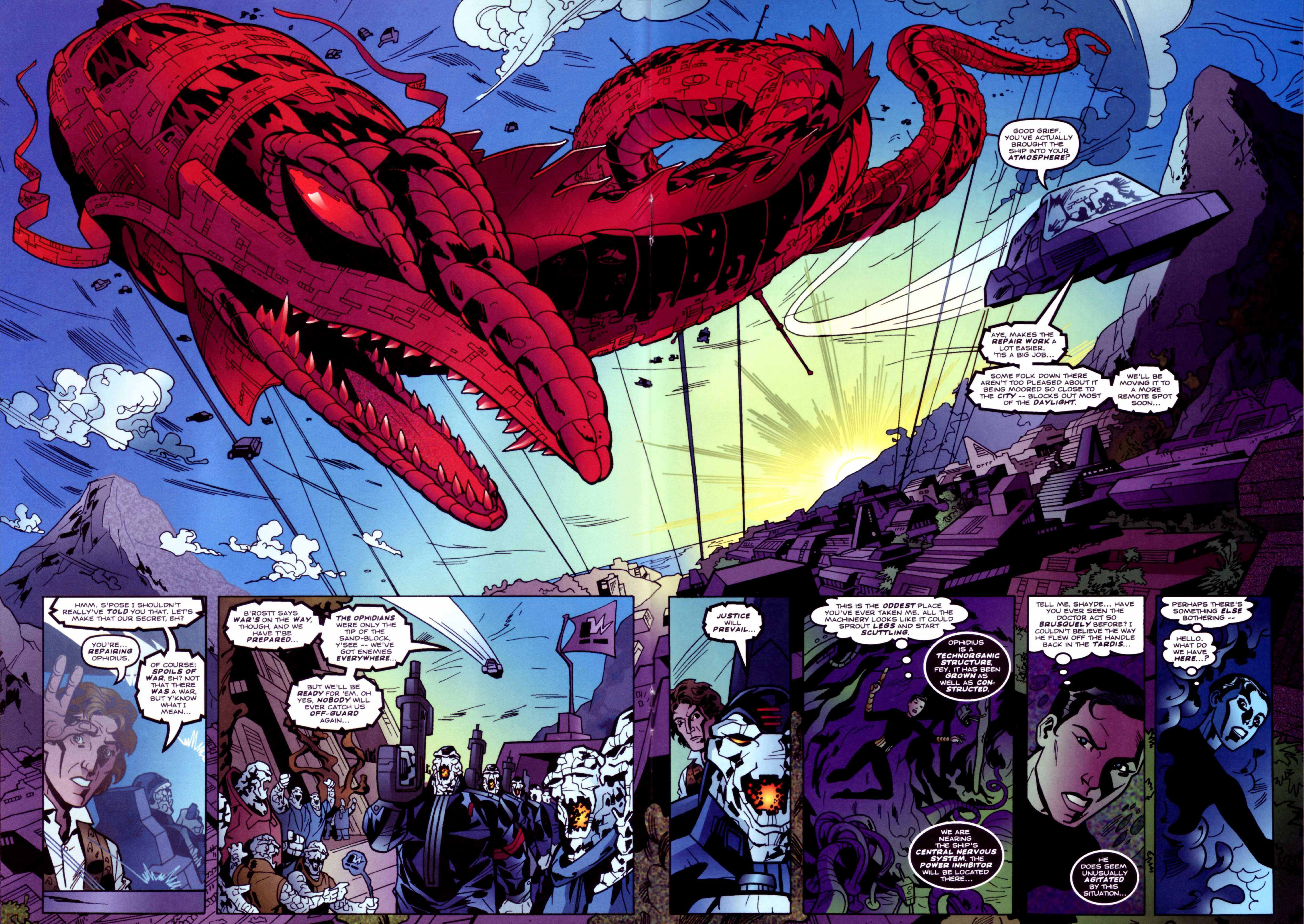
STORY – **SCOTT GRAY** ART – **JOHN ROSS**
COLOUR – **ADRIAN SALMON** LETTERING – **ROGER LANGRIDGE**
EDITOR – **CLAYTON HICKMAN**

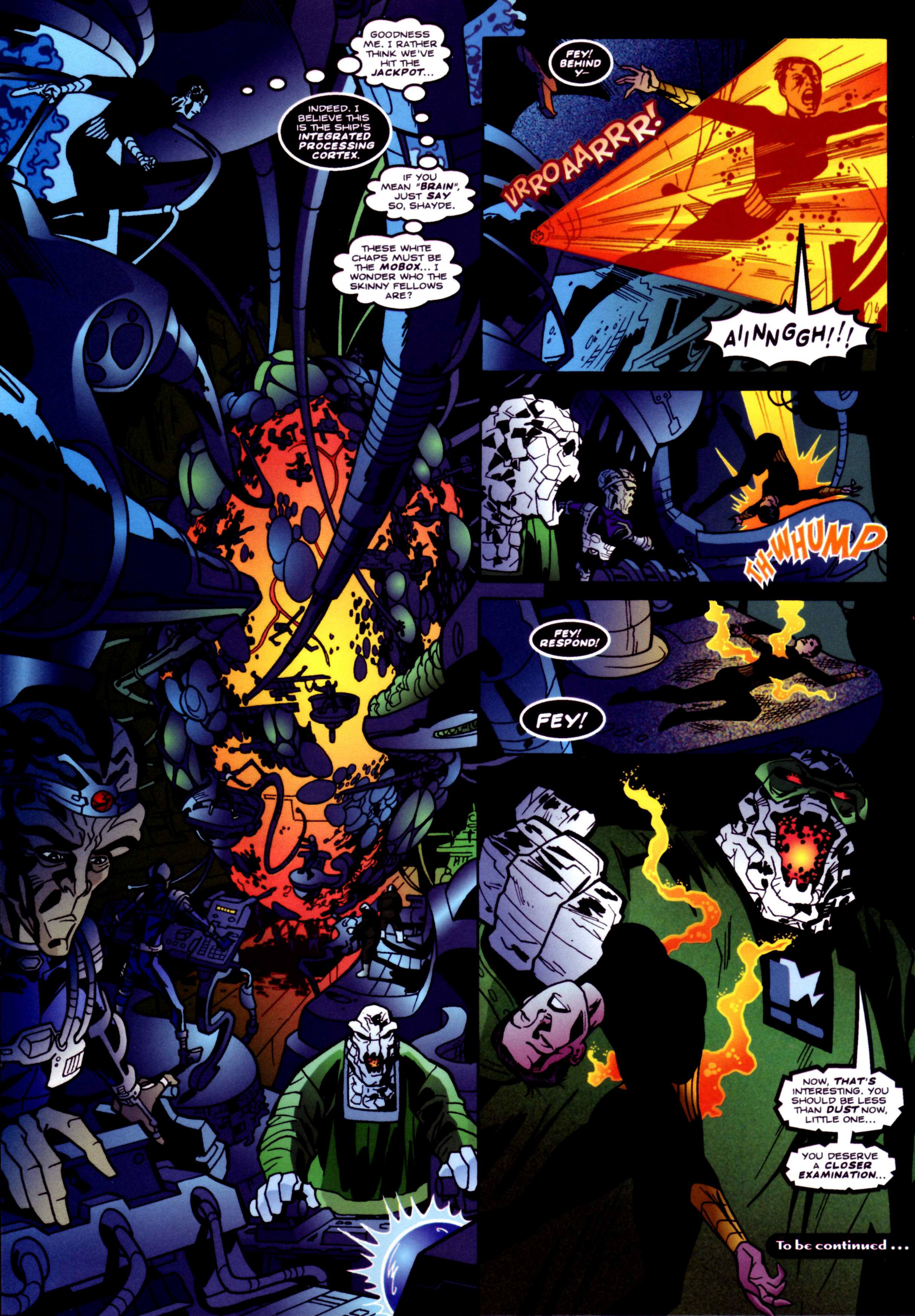
IT'S MOMENTS LIKE THESE THAT MAKE OUR PARTNERSHIP WORTHWHILE...
IN WHAT WAY?
FLYING, SHAYDE, FLYING! I USED TO DREAM OF BEING PETER PAN WHEN I WAS A CHILD...
I WANTED TO SWOOP OVER TROPICAL ISLANDS, BATTLE PIRATES, RESCUE MERMAIDS...
WE ARE SIMPLY TRANSFERRING OUR INTERSTITIAL ESSENCE THROUGH THE SPACE-TIME VORTEX, FEY...
IT IS ONLY YOUR LIMITED CONCEPTUAL PARAMETERS WHICH HAVE YOU PERCEIVE IT AS PHYSICAL FLIGHT.
YOU HAVE THE SOUL OF A POET, SHAYDE...
BUT EVEN YOU CAN'T DAMPEN MY SPIRITS TODAY. NOT WITH A FIRST-CLASS REUNION IN THE OFFING...
BREAK OPEN THE BUBBLY, DOCTOR, YOUR GUESTS HAVE ARRIVED!
AND ABOUT TIME TOO. I SENT THAT SUB-ETHER ALERT THREE RELATIVE DAYS AGO.
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING, STOPPING OFF FOR SOME SIGHT-SEEING?


WELL! EXCUSE US, WE ONLY HAD TO NAVIGATE THROUGH EVERY POINT IN INFINITY TO FIND YOU...
WHERE'S IZZY? I'M SURE SHE'LL HAVE A MORE CIVIL WELCOME PREPARED...
IZZY'S BEEN ABDUCTED. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE.
TWO ENTITIES ENTERED LINEAR-SPACE FROM THE VORTEX AND KIDNAPPED HER. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TRACE THEIR EXIT ROUTE, BUT THEY'VE SHIELDED IT...
I SEE. WELL, AS YOU'VE ASKED SO POLITELY, HOW CAN I HELP?
YOU CAN'T, BUT SHAYDE MIGHT. TAKE A SEAT...
SHAYDE HAS CAPABILITIES THE TARDIS LACKS. HE MAY BE ABLE TO BACK-TRACK THE KIDNAPPERS' ENERGY TRAILS TO THEIR POINT OF ORIGIN...
AH. SO WHILE WE CAN'T SEE WHERE THEY'VE GONE, WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE WHERE THEY'VE BEEN?
EXACTLY. JUST RELAX, FEY...
...LET YOUR OTHER HALF DO THE WORK.
HELLO, SHAYDE. WHAT DO YOU THINK, CAN YOU LEND ME A HAND?
YES, DOCTOR. I AM SCANNING THE TARDIS' SENSOR ARCHIVES. I BELIEVE I CAN TRACE THE ENTITIES' TEMPORAL RESIDUE...
EXCELLENT...
THEN START HUNTING FOR THOSE BREAD-CRUMBS...
THERE'S A GINGERBREAD HOUSE OUT THERE SOMEWHERE.
WE HAVE ARRIVED AT THE ENTITIES' PREVIOUS LINEAR-SPACE DESTINATION, DOCTOR.
SO SOON? BUT...
WAIT HERE. I'LL TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE...
JUST A MINUTE... I KNOW THIS PLACE... IT'S COYOACAN, MEXICO!
THIS IS THE TOWN IZZY AND I LANDED IN BEFORE WE WENT TO KYROL...
THEY'VE BEEN FOLLOWING US!


TRY AGAIN. IF I'M RIGHT, OUR **NEXT** STOP SHOULD BE JUST AS **FAMILIAR**...
VWWOORRRPPPPP*
WE HAVE **LANDED**... BUT THERE IS AN **OUTSIDE INFLUENCE** DRAINING THE TARDIS' **POWER SYSTEMS**...
OH DEAR. FORGET TO PAY THE GAS BILL?
WHAT...?
K-KRASH!
NO!
I'M AN **IDIOT**, I SHOULD HAVE SEEN THIS **COMING**!
DOCTOR...?
I KNOW WHERE WE **ARE**, FEY. **ALL TOO WELL.**
OH, **GOOD**. PERHAPS YOU'D CARE TO **ENLIGHTEN** US, PREFERABLY **WITHOUT** ANY FURTHER **TEMPER TANTRUMS**?
THIS WAY. YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET THE **GRAND TOUR**.
I'LL GIVE YOU AN **INSTANT RECAP** AS WE **WALK**...
...ALRIGHT, LET ME GET THIS **CRYSTAL-CLEAR** IN MY MIND...
WE'RE INSIDE **OPHIDIUS**; A **"TECHNO-ORGANISM"** DESIGNED TO **KIDNAP SPACECRAFT**. IT RECENTLY **SWALLOWED** THE TARDIS...
ITS CREATORS, **THE OPHIDIANS**, WERE ATTEMPTING TO **STEAL** THE **BODIES** OF A SPECIES CALLED **THE MOBOX**. YOU **THRASHED** THEM **SOUNDLY**, AS **ALWAYS**...
BUT **IZZY** HAD BEFRIENDED A YOUNG CRIMINAL NAMED **DESTRII** WHO TRICKED HER INTO **TRADING BODIES** WITH HER.
YOU UNCOVERED DESTRII'S **CHARADE** AFTER SHE KILLED THE OPHIDIANS' LEADER, **THE GOROLITH**. AND **THEN** WHAT...?
SOMETHING TERRIBLE...
"THE GOROLITH WASN'T DESTRII'S **ONLY** VICTIM. SHE HAD **ALSO** MURDERED ONE OF THE **MOBOX**...
"AND WHEN ITS **PARTNER** FOUND HER, IT **KILLED** HER."


MY GOD. YOU MEAN... IZZY WATCHED HERSELF... **DIE?**
YES.
SHE COPED WITH THE TRAUMA **MAGNIFICENTLY**. I TOOK HER TO **KYROL**, WHERE A FRIEND HELPED HER ADJUST TO HER **NEW BODY**...
BUT JUST AS WE WERE **LEAVING**, SHE WAS **KIDNAPPED** BY CREATURES WHO **MISTOOK** HER FOR DESTRII.
WHAT DID THEY LOOK LIKE?
I...
I **CAN'T REMEMBER**, FEY.
EVERY TIME I TRY TO **PICTURE** THEM, I JUST GET A **WHITE SPACE** IN MY MIND. THEY'VE BLOCKED MY **MEMORY** SOMEHOW. IT'S **INFURIATING**...
...BUT WE'LL DEAL WITH THAT **LATER**.
SOMEBODY'S LET THIS PLACE **GO** A BIT, BUT THEY'VE OBVIOUSLY GOTTEN OPHIDIUS' **POWER INHIBITOR** WORKING AGAIN...
SHAYDE SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND **THAT** QUICKLY ENOUGH. I'LL TAKE A SWIFT JAUNT, THROW A **SPANNER** INTO THE WORKS...
THIS IS ONLY A **MINOR DELAY**, DOCTOR. GO AND PUT THE **KETTLE** ON, I'LL BE BACK IN A **JIFFY**...
TEA... YES...
I THINK I MIGHT BE ABLE TO MANAGE **THAT** AT LEAST.
HALT!
K'KULLK'S SHELLS! IT'S ANOTHER **ALIEN**...
OH, **NO!** I WAS **SURE** WE FOUND THE LAST STRAGGLER **TWELVE DAYS AGO!** DON'T TELL ME WE HAVE TO START SEARCHING ALL **OVER** AGAIN!
NO, I'M A **RECENT** ARRIVAL, AND BY **ACCIDENT**. I'M **THE DOCTOR**.
I'M **MAJOR H'RAKK**. I **KNOW** YOU, DON'T I? YOU WERE THERE WHEN WE CRUSHED THE **OPHIDIAN SCOURGE**. IT'S BEEN RUMOURED YOU HELPED **B'ROSTT** DEFEAT THE **GOROLITH**...
WHO'S **B'ROSTT**?
SOMEONE WHO'LL WANT A **WORD** WITH YOU, I'M GUESSING...
C'MON, I'VE ALREADY GOT A **FLYER PREPPED**...
LOOK, THIS ISN'T **NECESSARY**. IF YOU'LL JUST LET ME **LEAVE**, I **PROMISE** NEVER TO BOTHER YOU **AGAIN**...
I'LL SIGN ANY FORM YOU **WANT**, IN **TRIPLICATE**...
HEH! Y'JUST SETTLE YOURSELF IN **HERE**, SMALL FELLOW. WE'VE GOT SOME TRAVELLING T'DO...


GOOD GRIEF. YOU'VE ACTUALLY BROUGHT THE SHIP INTO YOUR **ATMOSPHERE?**
AYE, MAKES THE **REPAIR WORK** A LOT EASIER. 'TIS A BIG JOB...
SOME FOLK DOWN THERE AREN'T TOO PLEASED ABOUT IT BEING MOORED SO CLOSE TO THE **CITY** -- BLOCKS OUT MOST OF THE **DAYLIGHT**.
WE'LL BE MOVING IT TO A MORE REMOTE SPOT SOON...
HMM. S'POSE I SHOULDN'T REALLY'VE **TOLD** YOU THAT. LET'S MAKE THAT OUR SECRET, EH?
YOU'RE... **REPAIRING** OPHIDIUS.
OF COURSE! **SPOILS OF WAR**, EH? NOT THAT THERE **WAS** A WAR, BUT Y'KNOW WHAT I MEAN...
B'ROSTT SAYS **WAR'S** ON THE **WAY**, THOUGH, AND WE HAVE T'BE **PREPARED**...
THE OPHIDIANS WERE ONLY THE TIP OF THE SAND-BLOCK, Y'SEE -- WE'VE GOT ENEMIES **EVERYWHERE**...
BUT WE'LL BE **READY** FOR 'EM. OH YES, **NOBODY** WILL EVER CATCH US **OFF-GUARD** AGAIN...
JUSTICE WILL **PREVAIL**...
THIS IS THE **ODDEST** PLACE YOU'VE EVER TAKEN ME. ALL THE MACHINERY LOOKS LIKE IT COULD SPROUT **LEGS** AND START **SCUTTLING**.
OPHIDIUS IS A **TECHNORGANIC STRUCTURE**, FEY. IT HAS BEEN **GROWN** AS WELL AS **CONSTRUCTED**.
WE ARE NEARING THE SHIP'S **CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM**. THE **POWER INHIBITOR** WILL BE LOCATED THERE...
TELL ME, SHAYDE... HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE DOCTOR ACT SO **BRUSQUELY** BEFORE? I COULDN'T BELIEVE THE WAY HE FLEW OFF THE HANDLE BACK IN THE **TARDIS**...
HE DOES SEEM UNUSUALLY **AGITATED** BY THIS SITUATION...
PERHAPS THERE'S SOMETHING **ELSE** BOTHERING --
HELLO. WHAT DO WE HAVE **HERE**...?


GOODNESS ME. I RATHER THINK WE'VE HIT THE JACKPOT...
INDEED. I BELIEVE THIS IS THE SHIP'S INTEGRATED PROCESSING CORTEX.
IF YOU MEAN "BRAIN", JUST SAY SO, SHAYDE.
THESE WHITE CHAPS MUST BE THE MOBOX... I WONDER WHO THE SKINNY FELLOWS ARE?
FEY! BEHIND Y—
VRROAARRR!
AIINNGGH!!!
TH-WHUMP
FEY! RESPOND!
FEY!
NOW, THAT'S INTERESTING. YOU SHOULD BE LESS THAN DUST NOW, LITTLE ONE...
YOU DESERVE A CLOSER EXAMINATION...

To be continued . . .

BURTONS

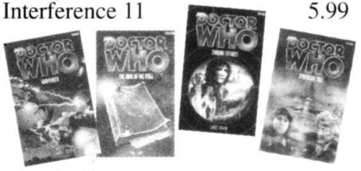
THE WORLD'S LARGEST STOCKIST OF DOCTOR WHO BOOKS

20 Marine Court, Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea, East Sussex TN38 0DX
Tel: 01424 436825 Fax: 01424 436843
Website address now: www.burtonswho.com E-Mail: burtonswho1@btclick.com

Send 2 x 1st class stamps for Burtons catalogue of over 200 Dr. Who items

BBC PAPERBACKS

Adventuress ot Henrietta Street	5.99
Amorality Tale	5.99
Anachrophobia	5.99
Ancestor Cell	5.99
Alien Bodies	4.99
Asylum	5.99
Autumn Mist	5.99
Banquo Legacy	5.99
Beltempest	4.99
Blue Angel	5.99
Book of the Still	5.99
Bullet Time	5.99
Bunker Soldiers	5.99
Burning	5.99
Byzantium!	5.99
Casualties of War	5.99
Catastrophea	4.99
City at World's End	5.99
City of the Dead	5.99
Coldheart	5.99
Corpse Marker	5.99
Dark Progeny	5.99
Devil Goblins from Neptune	4.99
Deep Blue	4.99
Demontage	4.99
Divided Loyalties	5.99
Dominion	4.99
Dreams of Empire	4.99
Dreamstone Moon	4.99
Drift	5.99
Dying in the Sun	5.99
Earthworld	5.99
Eater of Wasps	5.99
Endgame	5.99
Eight Doctors	4.99
Escape Velocity	5.99
Eye of Heaven	4.99
Face of the Enemy	5.99
Face-eater	4.99
Fall of Yquatine	5.99
Father Time	5.99
Festival of Death	5.99
Final Sanction	5.99
Frontier Worlds	5.99
Grave Matter	5.99
Grimm Reality	5.99
Genocide	4.99
Heart of TARDIS	5.99
Hollow Men	4.99
Imperial Moon	5.99
Infnity Doctors	4.99
Interference 11	5.99
Independence Day	5.99
Instruments of Darkness	5.99
Janus Conjunction	5.99
King of Terror	5.99
Kursaal	4.99
Last Man Running	4.99
Last of the Gadarene	5.99
Longest Day	4.99
Mad Dogs & Englishmen	5.99
Mission Impractical	4.99
Murder Game	4.99
Millennium Shock	4.99
More Short Trips	5.99
Option lock	4.99
Palace of the Red Sun	5.99
Parallel 59	5.99
Placebo Effect	4.99
Players	4.99
Prime Time	5.99
Psience Fiction	5.99
Quantum Archangel	5.99
Rags	5.99
Relative Dementias	5.99
Revolution Man	4.99
Roundheads	4.99
Salvation	4.99
Seeing 1	4.99
Scarlet Empress	4.99
Shadows of Avalon	5.99
Shadow of the Glass	5.99
Short Trips	5.99
Short Trips & Side Steps	6.99
Slow Empire	5.99
Space Age	5.99
Storm Harvest	4.99
Superior Beings	5.99
Taint	4.99
Trading Futures	5.99
Turing Test	5.99
Tomb of Valdemar	5.99
Ultimate Treasure	4.99
Unnatural History	4.99
Vanderdeken's Children	4.99
Vanishing Point	5.99
Verdigris	5.99
Warmonger	5.99
Witch Hunters	4.99
Wages of Sin	4.99
Year of Intelligent Tigers	5.99
Zeta Major	4.99

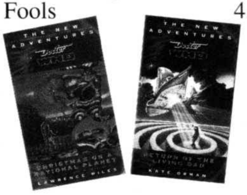


THIS IS A SELECTION OF SOME OF THE MANY BOOKS AVAILABLE FROM BURTONS

VIRGIN PAPERBACKS

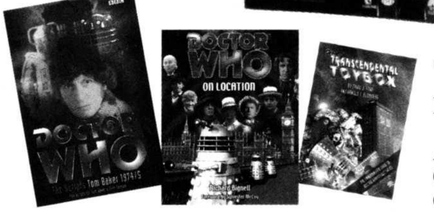
These have been out of print for several years and stocks are low.

Another Girl, Another Planet	5.99
Bad Therapy	4.99
Beyond the Sun	4.99
Christmas on a Rational Planet	4.99
Damaged Goods	4.99
Down	4.99
Dragon's Wrath	4.99
Dry Pilgrimage	5.99
Paradise of Death	4.99
The Plotters	4.99
Return of the Living Dad	4.99
Ship of Fools	4.99



LARGE FORMAT BARGAINS!

SOFTBACK	Our Price	Was	P&P
25 Glorious Years	3.99	8.99	3.00
Cookbook	1.00	3.50	1.00
Cybermen	2.00	8.99	2.00
DWB Compendium2.00	11.99	2.00	
DWB interview File	2.50	14.99	2.50
Encyclopedia Dr.Who E-K	.80	3.50	.50
Mark of Mandragora	1.99	6.99	1.50
Pattern Book	1.00	3.50	1.00
Celebration (slightly scuffed)	5.99	14.99	3.00
HARDBACK			
BBC Book of Monsters	9.00	16.99	3.00
Cybermen	5.99	14.99	3.00
DWB Intervfiew File	5.99	17.99	3.00
Encyclopedia Dr. Who A-D	1.99	5.95	1.25
Gallifrey Chronicles	5.99	14.99	3.00
Nine Lives of Doctor Who	8.00	16.99	3.00



LARGE FORMAT

HARDBACK	£	P&P
The Scripts (Tom Baker)	16.99	3.00
Location	14.95	2.50
Jon Pertwee Biography	16.99	2.50
Regeneration	17.99	3.00
Timeframe (scuffed covers)	13.99	3.00
SOFTBACK		
Transcendental Toybox	25.00	3.00
SOFTBACK IMPORTS		
I Who	9.50	2.00
I Who II	14.50	2.50
Official Dr. Who & Daleks book	7.50	1.50
Technical Manual (scuffed)	5.99	1.50
Dr. Who Discovers EarlyMan	4.00	.50
LARGE PAPERBACK		
Licence Denied	6.99	.75
TV Companion	8.99	1.25

TELOS NOVELLAS

Time & Relative (In stock)
Citadel of Dreams (In stock)
Ghost Ship (May)
Nightdreamers (September)
£10.00 - Standard
£25.00 Luxury - numbered and with 3 autographs. P & P £1.50 each.

STEVE CAMBDEN PAPERBACKS

Doctor's Effects	£10.00
Doctor's Affect	7.99

BERNICE SUMMERFIELD PAPERBACKS

Dead Mens Diaries	6.99
Doomsday Manuscript	6.99
Gods of the Underworld	6.99
The Squires Crystal	6.99
Infernal Nexus	6.99
Glass Prison	6.99

These are no longer being produced

TARGET

PAPERBACK BARGAINS

- Armageddon Factor
- Carnival of Monsters
- Castrovalva
- Cave Monsters
- Creature fromm the Pit
- Dalek Special (Terry Nation's)
- Day of the Daleks
- Dinosaur Book (free poster)
- Dinosaur Invasion
- Enemy of the World
- Frontios
- Galaxy Four
- Green Death
- Horns of Nimon
- Invasion
- Invisible Enemy
- Junior Brain of Morbius
- K9 & other Mechanical Creatures
- Leisure Hive
- Marco Polo
- Monster Book
- Mutants
- Mythmakers
- Planet of Fire
- Power of Kroll
- Ribos Operation
- Sontaran Experiment
- Space War
- Sunmakers
- Tenth Planet
- The Making of Doctor Who
- Timeflight
- Twin Dilemma
- Underworld
- Visitation
- Warriors of the Deep

ALL THESE STILL AT ONLY 75P!

...AND THESE STILL ONLY 85p!

- Ark in Space
- The Cybermen
- Destiny ofthe Daleks
- Face of Evil
- Gunfighters
- Hand of Fear
- Meglos
- Mission to Magnus
- Nightmare of Eden
- Sensorites
- Seeds of Doom
- Time Warrior

DUE TO THE POPULARITY OF OUR MARCH CD OFFER WE SHALL CONTINUE IT FOR ANOTHER MONTH

PAPERBACK POSTAGE

1	.50p
2	1.00
3-4	1.50
5-7	2.00
8-10	2.50
11-13	3.00
14-16	3.50
17-20	4.00
Over 20	5.99

THE COUNTDOWN TO 40 STARTS HERE!

SPECIAL GUESTS

FRASER HINES, DEBBIE WATLING, NICHOLAS COURTNEY, CAROLINE JOHN, ELISABETH SLADEN,
LOUISE JAMESON, MARY TAMM AND GEOFFREY BEEVERS

ALSO FEATURING
JASON HAIGH-ELLERY, GARY RUSSELL, NICK BRIGGS, ALISTAIR LOCK FROM BIG FINISH
MAT IRVINE AND MIKE TUCKER
TIMEBASE PRODUCTIONS
&
CLAYTON HICKMAN FROM DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE!

DIMENSIONS ON TYNE II
A STEP BACK IN TIME

23RD & 24TH NOVEMBER 2002
THE SWALLOW HOTEL, STOCKTON-ON-TEES

TICKET PRICES

ADULTS: £35 ONE DAY OR £55 BOTH DAYS - CHILD (UNDER 14): £15 ONE DAY OR £25 BOTH DAYS
CHILD (UNDER 7): FREE

**** ADVANCE BOOKING AVAILABLE ON FULL WEEKEND ONLY ****

ADULTS: £45 FULL WEEKEND - CHILD (UNDER 14): £20 FULL WEEKEND

(ADVANCE BOOKING ONLY AVAILABLE UNTIL AUGUST 1ST 2002)

TO BOOK TICKETS CALL 01830 540 477 OR VISIT OUR WEBSITE

www.dimensionsontyne.com

MERCHANDISE DEALERS - AUTOGRAPH SIGNINGS - PHOTO SESSIONS - VIDEO PREMIERES

Plus, as part of your Saturday evening entertaiment, an exclusive performance of David Benson's highly aclaimed West End show

THINK NO EVIL OF US -
MY LIFE WITH KENNETH WILLIAMS

FURTHER GUESTS STILL TO BE ANNOUNCED - ALL GUESTS APPEAR SUBJECT TO WORK COMMITMENTS

Combat Rock

a novel by **Mick Lewis**

Published 1 July
Featuring The Second Doctor, Jamie and Victoria
Enemies Well, the cannibals probably come top of the list ...
Setting Jungles on the planet Jenggel (somewhat evocative of the East Indies)
You'll like this if you like ... *Rags*, *Cannibal Adventure* by Willard Price, *Cannibal Holocaust*
Watch out for Jamie's shambling chat-up lines ...

Readers may recall that when last I communicated with Mick Lewis for **DWM**, he was in an internet café in New Guinea. The origins of *Combat Rock* are thus less than obscure, as Lewis explains: "In 1998 I first visited the jungle swamps, dubbed 'the hell of the south coast' by the Catholic Missionaries posted there. It took me three days to reach the treehouse-dwelling cannibals that basically have haunted me ever since. The seeds for *Combat Rock* were planted then, although I didn't actually plot it until May last year, subsequent to my second visit. I was told that the tribe I'd stayed with previously – who had sworn to me they had stopped consuming human flesh, and were now Christian – had actually killed and eaten a neighbouring villager only five months previously. I was also told, reassuringly, that if I hadn't visited them with a local man, who had turned out to be a cannibal himself, they would have certainly used their machetes on me!"

"I certainly didn't make *Combat Rock* softer than *Rags*"

Erm ... anyway ... Lewis's only previous *Doctor Who* work, *Rags*, met with what might be euphemistically described as a 'mixed' reception. Had this bothered him? Not a bit of it: "Most of the reviews of *Rags* made me laugh out loud. They turned me into a pariah! It was great! I only have one reaction to those who objected so strongly and sniffingly: they really need to get laid more often ... I write for myself, and anyone who shares my slightly twisted approach to life. I certainly wasn't steering *Combat Rock* in any softer directions to appease those offended by *Rags*. In fact, Justin Richards asked me to tone it down – although secretly, I think he didn't wanted to make any cuts at all ..." Hmm. Richards himself won't go that far, but does insist that "whether you enjoyed *Rags* or not, it's apparent that Mick has a flair for prose and is a damn good writer. I think *Combat Rock* will receive less criticism for its content than *Rags* did, simply because people now have an expectation of what Mick's likely to deliver. Both books push the format towards the limit, but we need to break the mould with the PDAs from time to time. We're not at the edge yet – but *Combat Rock* is close."

"What particularly appealed to me about Mick's proposal," Richards continues, "was the way that the anti-imperial 'rebel' Jamie is forced to see things from the establishment point of view, while Victoria, cosseted child of the Empire, gets the repressed natives' perspective. The Doctor seems sort of embarrassed by the whole thing, yet still turns out to be on top of it all when it matters. It was also nice to have a story for this team that is so wide – so much the opposite to a 'base under siege'." Lewis himself is rather more succinct on why he wanted to deploy the second Doctor: "Because he was the best! It was a joy to write him, and I found no difficulty translating him to the page – though obviously I can't judge how well I did it ..."

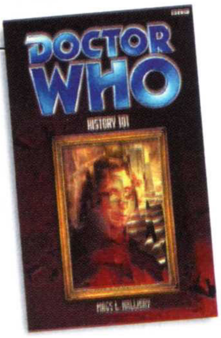
One quite unusual aspect of *Combat Rock* is that, as becomes evident from reading the author's notes, he's put his own Indonesian girlfriend in it! How bizarre ... but as Lewis insists, "Wina the character bears little resemblance to Wina the person. The character was derived from a hypothetical stranger's viewpoint of her – it was my viewpoint on first meeting her – and went off at a tangent to explore that potential other Wina. The real one is just as beautiful, though ..."

So what next for the iconoclastic, envelope-pushing, boundary-busting, prick-kicking Lewis? "A children's book, I think." Uh-huh ...

DAVID DARLINGTON

History 101

a novel by **Mags L Halliday**



Published 1 July
Featuring The Eighth Doctor, Fitz & Anji
Enemies Well, that depends which version of history you believe ...
Setting Spain, 1937
You'll like this if you like ... Picasso's *Guernica*, *City of Death*, *Ghost Light*, *The Turing Test*, Orwell's *Homage To Catalonia*, Sartre's *The Age of Reason*
Watch out for The Doctor neatly avoiding an old friend ...

Although this is her début *Doctor Who* novel, Mags Halliday has hovered on the fringes of *Doctor Who* publishing before. "I did submit two *New Adventure* proposals to Virgin, and had got halfway through preparing a *Missing Adventure* when the licence reverted to the BBC and I got distracted by other things. *History 101* was my first submission to the BBC, and it took over a year from submission to being commissioned – and I think it was the sabbatical that got it accepted! My Virgin submissions had been obsessed with trying to fit with where the range was, whereas with *History 101* I set out to produce a novel I wanted to write, instead of what I thought would be acceptable ..."

"History is just a construct. There's no 'true' version"

So what *did* Mags L Halliday want to write, then? "The notion of history has tended, in *Doctor Who*, towards the idea that there is one singular version which should be preserved as 'true'. I wanted to bring over the idea that 'history' is a cultural construct – *History 101* was intended as a starting point in questioning what exactly 'history' is." Range consultant Justin Richards is effusive: "Mags had a terrific way of making that argument come alive," he declares, "and her 'worked example' of *Guernica* – and the whole of the Spanish Civil War really – was inspired."

"I tried to bring this theme out in the differences between Anji and Fitz's reactions to events," Halliday continues. "Each brings a different perception to the same aspects of their time in Spain because they are from different cultures within twentieth century Britain. Fitz grew up in a time of deprivation with war as a harsh fact, whereas Anji grew up in the relatively prosperous 1980s, with war far more abstract. The setting was one of the very first elements I decided on – I wanted to escape from the Anglocentricity of *Doctor Who*." Halliday wasn't worried about the possibility of treading on familiar ground from the 'Earth arc' of a couple of years back – indeed, Justin Richards emphatically believes that "*Doctor Who* tends to work best when set in a recognisable context, so I wasn't shy about coming 'home' again – we came back fairly soon with *Eater of Wasps*, which was well received and deservedly so. Another year down the line, this isn't a problem ..."

Did the research process involve a visit to the setting? "Well, I went to Barcelona," Halliday concedes, before admitting "although admittedly a fair bit of my 'research' involved sitting on Las Rambles with a jug of sangria for the evening." So you could say that she's walked Las Rambles, but not with real intent ...? "I did try to climb the towers of the Sagrada Familia, but only got maybe 150 feet before my vertigo got the better of me!"

Oh, and that title; isn't it a bit Americanized for such a British icon as *Doctor Who*? "It originally had a very long and dry academic title," says Halliday, "as part of an idea of it being a coursebook. Then I connected that idea to the echoes of *Nineteen-Eighty-Four*'s 'Room 101'." So is Orwell a strong influence? "I'd not really thought of Orwell until I started researching the period, and a friend recommended *Homage to Catalonia*. He was a man engaged in constant ideological battles: against his own imperialist upbringing and then against the Communist Party. He went to Spain to fight for his beliefs, and he almost died there.

"Although some of the man's writing leaves me cold, I can admire that ..."

DAVID DARLINGTON

Horror of Fang Rock

ARE AMORPHOUS BLOBS THE RUTAN OF ALL EVIL? WILL TOM THROW A PADDY? IS THE SHOW HEADED FOR THE ROCKS? ANDREW PIXLEY SHINES A LIGHT ON TROUBLE AT T'MILL ...

PART ONE 1

The early twentieth century. Vince Hawkins, the youngest of a three-man lighthouse crew, sees a strange light fall from the night sky into the sea near to the remote offshore lighthouse of Fang Rock. A fog soon builds up, and the new electric generator powering the lamp fails. The TARDIS materialises nearby, and the curious Doctor makes for the stricken lighthouse with Leela. They arrive just after the engineer, Ben, encounters a strange green light while tending to the erratic generator at the foot of the building. When the Doctor and Leela enter, Ben has vanished. The travellers are welcomed as mislaid mariners lost in the fog, and the Doctor goes to help Ben with the generator, but finds the engineer's body in the basement, killed by an electric shock some time earlier. Without revealing his suspicions, the Doctor deduces Ben was not killed by accident. Reuben, the oldest keeper, is dubious about the new arrivals.

... And then there were six: Leela, the Doctor, Palmerdale, Skinsale, Adelaide and Vince. © BBC

Leela goes out into the fog where her huntress' instinct leads her to pools of dead fish. Meanwhile, the Doctor hears from Vince about the fireball that fell into the sea. Reuben makes a shroud for Ben's corpse, but later Vince goes down to the generator room and finds the shroud empty. With the light failing again, Reuben spots a steam yacht just off the rocks. Warning flares are fired, but they can only illuminate the vessel and its screaming passengers as they become ensnared on Fang Rock ...

PART TWO 2

The Doctor, Reuben and Vince form a rescue party to bring the survivors to the safety of the lighthouse while Leela, left in the lamp gallery, sees a strange luminous blob moving about below the lighthouse. When Leela later describes the creature to the Doctor, Reuben claims that this is the legendary Beast of Fang Rock.

The survivors comprise the ruthless financier Lord Henry Palmerdale, his personal assistant Adelaide Lessage, the MP Colonel Jimmy Skinsale and Harker, the coxswain. Palmerdale is desperate to reach Southampton and get to London before the stock exchange opens so that he can 'make a killing'; using insider information which he won in a casino bet from a reluctant Skinsale. Harker finds Ben's mutilated body on the coastline, and the Doctor realises the alien has conducted an autopsy. Reuben tells Vince about the legend of the Beast, and how 80 years earlier a three-man lighthouse crew was left with two dead and one mad.

The Doctor deduces that the alien has a strong electrical field. While Palmerdale tries to find a means of contacting the mainland, Skinsale is delighted that the information he divulged will never be used and his honour is intact. Palmerdale asks Harker to use the Marconi radio telegraph for him, but the coxswain refuses. The Doctor's attempts to warn the survivors of the threat posed by the alien are ruined when Reuben, on his way down to stoke the generator, enters the crew room and talks of the Beast. Moments later, the lights fail again, and as a ghastly scream wafts up to the survivors, Skinsale demands: "What the devil was that?"

PART THREE 3

The Doctor and Leela dash to the generator room to find Reuben has gone; they venture out into the fog to search for him. Later, Harker sees a dazed Reuben enter the lighthouse and go up to the sleeping quarters.

The Doctor and Leela return, and Harker is ordered to secure the entrance. Inside the bunk room, Reuben is glowing green.

Palmerdale ascends to the light gallery where he offers Vince £50 to use the morse equipment to contact London; his plan is overheard by Skinsale, who goes to tell Adelaide that her employer is a crook. When the Doctor goes to see Vince, Palmerdale hides out on the gallery, but the green blob climbs up the lighthouse wall and kills him. The Doctor stops Leela smashing her way into the bunk room, and Vince reveals that Palmerdale has fallen from the lamp gallery. When Palmerdale's body is retrieved from outside, the Doctor reveals that he was electrocuted. Furthermore, Skinsale has wrecked the morse telegraph to protect his honour. They are now isolated. When the boiler pressure falls, the Doctor and Leela hurry to the basement where Harker has been killed, apparently by Reuben. However, the Doctor ventures into the coal bunker and finds Reuben's corpse; the man has been dead for hours. Recalling the Chameleon Factor, the Doctor admits to Leela that he has made a terrible mistake. "I thought I'd locked the enemy out. Instead I've locked it in with us!"

PART FOUR 4

'Reuben' ascends to the lamp room, killing Vince. In the generator room, the Doctor finds a power relay and realises the alien has set up a distress beacon for others to home in on. The Doctor enters the bunk room, evading 'Reuben' to find and deactivate the distress beacon hidden outside the window.

Meanwhile, 'Reuben' advances on the humans, killing Adelaide. While Leela and the Colonel work with powder from maroons, the Doctor confronts 'Reuben'. Shedding its human guise, the glowing green form of a Rutan is revealed; the Rutans are losing their war with the Sontarans and plan to use Earth as a strategic position for a final assault. Knowing the Rutan cannot stand heat, the Doctor ignites the powder, driving it back.

With a Rutan mother ship arriving imminently, the Doctor decides to convert the lamp into an amplified carbon oscillator. To do this he needs a diamond, and Skinsale says that Palmerdale always carried some. Descending to the crew room, the Doctor gets the diamond he needs, throwing the rest on the floor; as the Colonel scrabbles for the gems he is killed by the Rutan. Leela fires a Schermuly rocket at the Rutan, killing it. The Doctor activates the lamp and he and Leela flee from the lighthouse; the beam destroys the mother ship. Against the Doctor's advice, Leela looks at the beam which causes her eyes to change colour. She and the Doctor are the sole survivors of the night.

'We're on our own ...'

In the crew room, the Doctor hears from Skinsale how he was determined to stop Palmerdale sending a telegraph message to the mainland.

DOCTOR And so you came down here ... and wrecked the telegraph.
Skinsale shuffles uncomfortably ...
SKINSALE It was the only way I could think of stopping him. I'd have been dishonoured ... ruined.
DOCTOR Of course. So to protect your honour, you put all our lives in danger!
SKINSALE What?
ADELAIDE You mean we've no way of contacting the mainland now?
DOCTOR Oh, no. We're on our own now.

From **Horror of Fang Rock** Part Three *by Terrance Dicks*

In Production

CSO recording on the Lamp Gallery set at Pebble Mill: "Quick Reuben, get your telescope ready for the photo on page 35 ..." © BBC Video

Having joined *Doctor Who* in November 1976, producer Graham Williams hoped that his first season on the show would comprise a linked narrative – the hunt for the Key to Time, which he outlined on 30 November. By this time, however, new stories were already being lined up by script editor Robert Holmes, who turned to his predecessor, Terrance Dicks, for a storyline for *Doctor Who*'s fifteenth season which would begin production in March. At this time, Dicks was freelance and mainly involved in writing for Target's range of *Doctor Who* novelisations; he had also developed scripts for two 50-minute documentaries about *Doctor Who*, which had been planned for broadcast over Christmas 1976 but were cancelled on Wednesday 10 November. As it turned out, the BBC2 arts programme *Second House* were also thinking of a documentary about the development of *Doctor Who*; within days, Dicks had spoken to producer Tony Cash and was on board the new documentary as consultant. He was formally commissioned to write a linking script – to be read by Tom Baker's Doctor – on Tuesday 30 November, with the programme now going out as part of *The Lively Arts* strand (the successor to *Second House*). Meanwhile, Dicks was writing *Doctor Who and the Hell Planet* – a short story for the *Daily Mirror*, which was printed on Friday 31 December 1976.

Recalling the Gothic horror style that Holmes had enjoyed in *The Brain of Morbius* – a 1975 serial by Dicks that Holmes had heavily rewritten – Dicks planned a similar story, which was envisaged as the second tale of the new season. For this, he went back to an earlier, rejected storyline submission, *The Haunting*; this six-part serial, commissioned as a storyline by Holmes on Wednesday 11 December 1974 for delivery 9 days later, had arrived with Holmes on Monday 6 January 1975, but had been dropped in favour of *The Brain of Morbius* and written off (alongside *The Beasts of Manzic* by Robin Smyth) on Tuesday 13 May 1975. Dicks' revised version, *The Witch Lords*, was a four-part vampire tale inspired by elements of Bram Stoker's 1897 novel *Dracula*. The Doctor would arrive on a planet with a medieval-style community, where people were found dead in the local woods with bat bites.

Keen to have an experienced director on board, Williams chose Paddy (Patricia) Russell, having worked with her on *Z Cars* – on which he had been script editor. Russell had worked on various *Doctor Who* serials since 1966 – the most recent being *Pyramids of Mars* the previous year. She was engaged for *The Witch Lords* on Monday 29 November, covering the period Monday 14 March to Friday 8 July 1977.

The show's current star, Tom Baker, was booked for a further 26 episodes on Wednesday 15 December, part way through location shooting on *The Talons of Greel* (latterly *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*). The following day, Baker's new co-star, Louise Jameson, was also booked for 26 shows as Leela. This news was a bit of a shock to Baker; Jameson had initially been booked by outgoing producer Philip Hinchcliffe for only three serials. Baker, who disliked the violent nature of the Doctor's savage new companion, had assumed that she would be dropped at the end of the fifteenth season. Indeed, Jameson had been reluctant to continue at first, but Williams persuaded her during the London location shoot for *Talons*. One of the concessions that the producer made was that Leela's eyes could change could from brown to blue; this meant that Jameson would no longer have to wear her extremely irritating contact lenses.

Over the Christmas period, Holmes was kept busy on *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* (which he had written under emergency conditions). Williams commissioned Dicks's serial, now entitled *The Vampire Mutation*, on Tuesday 11 January 1977.

STORYLINE Dating

Friday 6 May saw the Drama Early Warning Synopsis issued for *Horror of Fang Rock*, which indicated that the story was set at the "Turn of the century". The Programme-as-Broadcast sheets compiled after transmission described the serial as being "set in an off-shore lighthouse in 1910". In Part Two, comments by Vince and Reuben about the mythical beast indicate that its last appearance was 80 years ago "in the Twenties"; suggesting a time between 1900 and 1909. In Part One, Vince makes reference to King Edward, who reigned from January 1901 to May 1910.

Since the production office now hoped to lead off with this story, Dicks' target for delivery was Monday 7 February. Part One was delivered on Tuesday 25 January, with Part Two following – far behind schedule – on Tuesday 1 March. The novelisation soon appeared in Target's publication schedules as *Doctor Who and the Witch-Lords*, with a planned release date of December 1977.

In mid-January, *The Vampire Mutation*, which was to be made second, was booked for filming in May on Stages 3A and 3B at Ealing Film Studios. At the end of January, however, this slot was occupied by Serial 4U – *Invisible Invader* by Bob Baker and Dave Martin – and *The Vampire Mutation* brought forward since the Baker/Martin scripts were not finalised. However, by the start of February, *Invisible Invader* was once again to be the first serial into production in March. By now though, *The Vampire Mutation* had hit problems ...

Brighton belle: Leela scopes out Fang Rock. © BBC Video

In February, while writing Part Two, Dicks received a phone call from Holmes, who explained that Head of Drama, Graeme McDonald, had severe misgivings about the story. BBC Drama had arranged for a serious, big budget adaptation of Stoker's *Dracula* to be made for broadcast that Christmas, and a spoof of the tale in *Doctor Who* a few months earlier might ruin its reception. By the start of March, *The Vampire Mutation* was no longer in development – although the planned novelisation, now *Doctor Who and the Vampire Mutations*, would remain on Target's schedules for a few months.

Holmes still wanted to use Dicks on the new season, however, and a replacement script was wanted for pre-production from mid-March. Holmes had always wanted to do a serial set in a lighthouse; this location lent itself well to a low budget serial with a small cast and limited number of sets. Keen that the setting should be properly researched, Holmes gave Dicks a few pointers in the same manner as Dicks had given him when requesting research for a medieval storyline for *The Time Warrior* in 1974. As such, Dicks used the notion of lighthouse electrification, which took place from the mid-1800s to the mid-1900s; the first electric lamp was used in 1858 at South Foreland in England, with an arc lamp installed at Dungeness in 1862. Prior to this, oil was the most common source of lamp fuel. The lighthouse setting prompted two other notable influences: a Ray Bradbury short story called *The Fog Horn*, and Wilfrid Gibson's poem *Flannan Isle*, which was suggested to Dicks by the production office.

On Thursday 24 February, the production office convened a meeting to discuss the possibility of recording Russell's serial (now designated Serial 4V, with code 4U no longer being assigned) at the BBC's Birmingham studios, Pebble Mill, as there was no space available for it at BBC Televison Centre during May and June. Incoming production unit manager John Nathan-Turner was concerned about this; he had worked on other series at Pebble Mill and, although highly impressed with the crews, felt that the studios themselves did not have the facilities needed for a technically complex programme like *Doctor Who*. Russell was also dismayed to hear of her recording venue – but with no alternative available, it was decided that new equipment needed for the show would have to be installed at Pebble Mill in time for recording.

At this time, a new *Doctor Who* companion was being considered – a robot dog called K9. It was not known whether the dog would be retained beyond its introduction in *The Invisible Enemy* (the new title for *Invisible Invader*) or in which order the stories would be transmitted, so Dicks did not include it in his story. The debate over K9 was still open on Thursday 3 March, when Williams informed his superior, Graeme McDonald, that he intended to keep his options on K9 free until after a demonstration had been seen.

Dicks' hurried proposal for *Rocks of Doom* was a one page synopsis of the opening episode, with a list of characters and sets. The story opened with a subjective shot of something moving through cascading foam towards the lighthouse, where old Ben Travers is having trouble with interference on his telegraph because of a storm; venturing outside to check the wiring, he is mercilessly destroyed. This leaves two men – old Joshua Crockett and young Davy Williams – to man the new-fangled carbon-arc lamp without Ben's expertise. As the lamp fails, a steam-yacht appears – and, as the Doctor and Leela emerge from the newly-arrived TARDIS onto a stormlashed islet, they hear the screams from the shipwreck. At the lighthouse, Ben reappears, dazed and almost drowned, followed by the Doctor and Leela; the Doctor gets the light working, which attracts survivors to the rock. These are Lord Peach-Palmer, his secretary Adelaide Couchon, his valet Herbert Burkin, the Right Honourable John Skinsale, and Skinsale's wife Veronica. Old Ben, resting in a makeshift bay, rises and heads for the generator room where Joshua is working. There is a scream, Joshua is dead, and Ben is a gibbering wreck babbling about something emerging from the sea ...

A late change made to the narrative was to make the alien creature that menaced the lighthouse a Rutan. The Rutans had been referred to previously – in both *The Time Warrior* and *The Sontaran Experiment*, where it was established that they were engaged in an interminable galactic war with the Sontarans.

With only a storyline available, Paddy Russell joined the production team of 4V on Monday 14 March; she had recently finished working at Yorkshire Television on *Emmerdale Farm*. Her designer, Paul Allen, had previously handled *The Seeds of Death* and *Spearhead from Space*. Joyce Hawkins and Jackie Hodgson were the designers assigned to costume and make-up respectively; this would be their only *Doctor Who* serial. The story was the first full *Doctor Who* visual effects designer credit for Peter Pegrum, who had been an assistant effects designer as far back as *The Sensorites*.

Although titles like *The Monster of Fang Rock* and *The Beast of Fang Rock* were apparently considered for the serial, the scripts were delivered on Monday 28 March under the title *Horror of Fang Rock*; these were then commissioned retrospectively by Williams the following day with a fictitious target delivery date of Wednesday 30. Dicks was not terribly happy with the new scripts because he felt they lacked action. Russell had been able to view Dicks' first script for *The Vampire*

STORYLINE Flannan Isle

Flannan Isle, by the Northumberland poet Wilfrid Gibson, first appeared in *Collected Poems* in 1923; the volume comprised Gibson's work between 1912 and 1917. The poem – about a deserted lighthouse – was inspired by a true mystery.

Flannan Isle is located on the islet of Eileen Mhor in the Atlantic on the edge of the Hebrides and its 23-foot lighthouse was established in 1899 by David and Charles Stevenson. A team of relief keepers arrived on the steam yacht *Hesperus* on Wednesday 26 December 1900 to find that the lighthouse crew had vanished; everything inside was in perfect order, with the lantern ready for use and the barometer readings for Saturday 15 December chalked on a slate along with the time for the lantern to be extinguished. The crew were never found, and the mystery never solved.

The poem relates how a crew is put to sea in winter to investigate the lack of a light from the Flannan Isle lighthouse on its "lonely Isle". Climbing from the shore, the narrator reached "The black, sun-blistered lighthouse-door/That gaped for us ajar." The party detected "some strange scent of death" and entered the living room to find "a table, spread/For dinner, meat and cheese and bread;/But, all untouched; and no one there". The crew then searched the "empty house" and the island: "Ay: though we hunted high and low,/And hunted everywhere,/Of three men's fate we found no trace/Of any kind in any place,/But a door ajar, and an untouched meal,/And an overtoppled chair." The poem then considered "how ill-chance came to all/Who kept the Flannan Light:/And how the rock had been the death/Of many a likely lad:/How six had come to a sudden end,/And three had gone stark mad:/And one whom we'd all known as friend/Had leapt from the lantern one still night, /And fallen dead by the lighthouse wall".

"We seemed to stand for endless while,/Though still no word was said,/ Three men alive on Flannan Isle, /Who thought on three men dead."

The script for *Horror of Fang Rock* ended with the Doctor quoting the "Ay: though we hunted..." section of Gibson's poem.

Mutation, which she had very much liked, and considered *Horror of Fang Rock* to be a poor replacement.

As the scripts were written quickly, there was little in the way of description in the stage directions. Fang Rock's lighthouse is described as "a sea-tower built on a rocky islet" and, when viewed by the crash-landed alien, Dicks indicated that the "treated picture suggests it is not being seen through human eyes". Colonel Jimmy Skinsale MP was described as "a soldierly figure". In the final episode, the villain of the piece was revealed as a Rutan. Dicks noted that "the fully transformed Rutan shimmers weirdly, emitting a shrill, triumphant ululation" – and in conversation with the Doctor, "it speaks in the plural, since Rutans have little concept of individual identity, seeing themselves as the Rutan, the all-conquering mother race". The Rutan mother ship was described as "a fiery glowing vortex, rather than a clearly defined space ship."

In Part Three, Skinsale makes references to "Salisbury" and to "Bonar Law"; these were the Marquis of Salisbury (a Conservative statesman and secretary for India in the 1870s) and Andrew Bonar Law (a British Unionist MP who later became chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons). Part Three also had references to the science-fiction author Herbert George Wells, whose works had included 1895's *The Time Machine* and 1898's *War of the Worlds*; the Doctor also made accurate reference to 1861's Malicious Damages Act and spoke to Vince about the Pharos tower that was erected around 280 BC.

On Thursday 14 April, Holmes and Dicks agreed that *The Vampire Mutation* should be abandoned, with Dicks paid for only the first two scripts; the abandoned serial would be resurrected in 1980, when it would form the basis of the serial *State of Decay*. The following day, Williams commented that, after the first studio session with K9, it seemed likely that the robot dog would remain with the series; the new companion was not written into *Horror of Fang Rock* at all, however, since Dicks' story was planned to precede *The Invisible Enemy* on transmission.

"Yes, Tom. I can just see them heading into the Coach and Horses, Soho ... " "Bugger!"

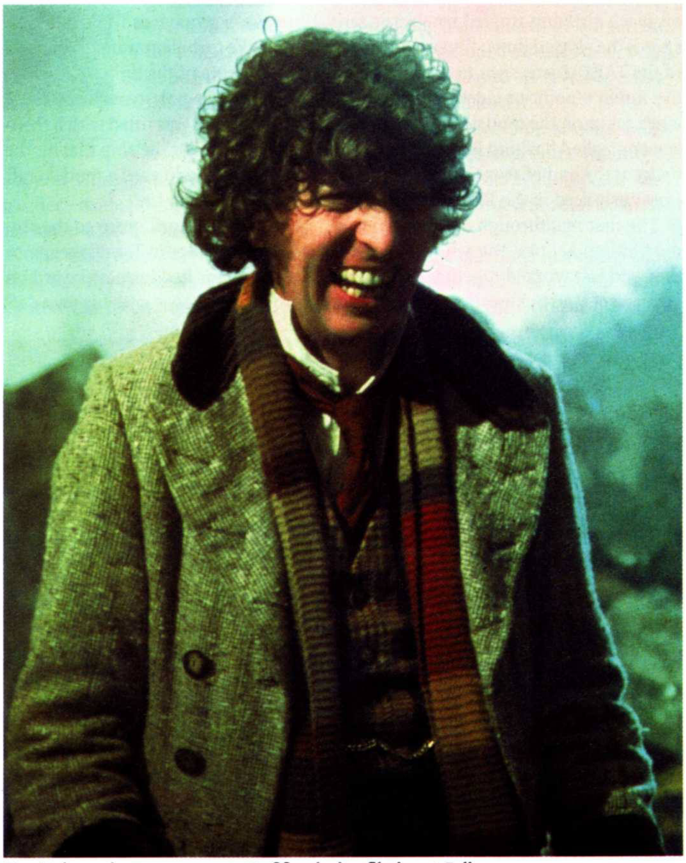
> **'Tom was convinced that he was the programme – nobody wanted to work with him by this stage'**
>
> Paddy Russell • DWM 266

Disappointed with the *Fang Rock* script, Russell decided to call upon the help of some of her acting friends. She initially hoped that Frank Middlemass (a veteran character actor who featured in *Poldark*) would play Reuben; when Middlemass was not available, Russell called on her friend Colin Douglas, who had previously appeared in *Doctor Who* as Donald Bruce in 1967's *The Enemy of the World*. Russell's first choice for Lord Palmerdale was Dinsdale Landen, who later appeared in *The Curse of Fenric*; the role ultimately went to Sean Caffrey, who had been a regular as Detective Sergeant Gregg in Associated-Rediffusion's *No Hiding Place*. Actor/writer Rio Fanning – a semi-regular in *Budgie* – was originally considered for Vince Hawkins, but the part went instead to John Abbott, who, although aged 32, had convinced Russell that he could play an 18-year-old. Fanning instead landed the role of Harker.

Of the other cast members: Ralph Watson, playing Ben, had appeared in *Doctor Who* in two previous serials – as Captain Knight in *The Web of Fear* and as Ettis in

STORYLINE *The Fog Horn*

The Fog Horn was a short story by American writer Ray Bradbury, which first appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* on 23 June 1951; it also formed the basis for the 1953 monster movie *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms*. *The Fog Horn* is set at a remote lighthouse on Lonesome Bay and narrated by Johnny, the young apprentice keeper to the older McDunn. One cold November evening, McDunn explains about one of the "mysteries of the sea" – how all the fish surfaced from the bay, terrified, one night some years earlier. McDunn says that the sea is still largely unexplored and is still in prehistoric times below the waves. Ascending to the lamp room where the fog horn is blowing steadily every fifteen seconds, McDunn explains to his colleague that the horn "Sounds like an animal ... A big lonely animal crying in the night." Now he must prepare Johnny because "About this time of year something comes to visit the lighthouse" and has done for three years now, but Johnny will be the first one to witness it with him. As the men watch that night, "from the surface of the cold sea came a head, a large head, dark-coloured, with immense eyes, and then a neck." The men watch a creature with a long neck of about a hundred feet emerging from the icy waters, illuminated by the light. McDunn knows this is one of a tribe of dinosaurs that still exists hidden in the Deeps; the monster is answering the fog horn: "A cry came across a million years of water and mist. A cry so anguished and alone it shuddered in my head and my body. The monster cried out at the tower. The Fog Horn blew. The monster roared again. The Fog Horn blew. The monster opened its great toothed mouth and the sound that came from it was the sound of the Fog Horn itself. Lonely and vast and far away. The sound of isolation, a viewless sea, a cold night, apartness. That was the sound." McDunn explains that, since the lighthouse was built five years ago, the lonely creature has been woken and attracted by the sound, taking months to rise from the muddy bottom of the Deeps and swim towards the fog horn. The monster rushes towards the lighthouse, and McDunn turns off the horn. The creature stops, tormented, and before Johnny can have the horn turned on again, the monster tears up and attacks the tower, shattering the glass. The two men hide in the stone cellar as the monster crushes the tower: the monster was opening its mouth and sending out great sounds – "the sounds of a Fog Horn, again and again." When the rescue party arrives the following afternoon to dig the men out of the cellar, the huge monster has gone – and McDunn claims that the lighthouse crumbled from some "bad knocks from the waves". The following year, a reinforced lighthouse has been built, with McDunn once again employed as its master; Johnny now has a job in the nearby town, but he keeps hearing the new horn ... "It sounded like the monster calling".



Tom Baker enjoys a rare moment of fun during filming at Ealing. © BBC VIDEO

DESIGN The Lighthouse

For research for the Fang Rock lighthouse, designer Paul Allen looked at an 1859 lighthouse off the Needles near the Isle of Wight, where he was intrigued by all the built-in furniture. He also took a lot of reference photographs of Southwold Lighthouse in Suffolk, which started operating in 1890 and which was electrified in 1938. Allen also referred to the 1975 book *Lighthouses of England and Wales* by Derrick Jackson, as well as *Lighthouses, Lightships and Buoys* – a 1966 volume by E G Jerome, which Terrance Dicks had used for reference. The lighthouse scenery used in studio was made by a freelance firm in Essex that Allan hadn't used before, but he was pleased with the final result.

The Monster of Peladon; New Zealander Alan Rowe, cast as Skinsale, was no stranger to the series either, having played two roles in *The Moonbase* and Edward of Wessex in *The Time Warrior*; Annette Wollett, cast as Adelaide Lessage, had been in *Upstairs, Downstairs* and played Diana in *Emmerdale Farm*. No extras were required on the serial.

The scripts for *Horror of Fang Rock* were sent out to the cast on Thursday 21 April. Jameson was disappointed to find that Leela's previously strong role was diminished, feeling that Dicks had written the serial very much with the previous companion, Sarah-Jane Smith, in mind. Having now settled into the series somewhat, Jameson was starting to stand up for herself and her character, ensuring that Leela gained better screen time. For instance, the script apparently had Leela scream at one point, which Jameson objected to. This was duly changed.

Model filming for the serial was conducted at the BBC Visual Effects Department model stage at their Western Avenue premises between Tuesday 26 April and Monday 2 May. For the model shots of Fang Rock's coastline, no water was used; the stormy seas were achieved in the low-key lighting with salt tossed on black sheeting rippled by electric fans. With these sequences filmed at high speed, the slowed down film made the image look like turbulent waters. A model of the TARDIS was seen to materialise in Part One; shots of the lighthouse from the Rutan's point-of-view were also recorded. Crafted in polystyrene by a freelance sculptor, the model lighthouse stood five feet tall and was fitted with a rheostat controlled flashing lamp powered from a 12V battery. For the ship that hit the rocks at the end of Part One, one of Pegrum's assistants redressed a model craft previously seen in the BBC period maritime drama *The Onedin Line*.

> **'We did the best we could with Fang Rock – I think it turned out pretty well'**
>
> Terrance Dicks • DWM 272

The first readthrough of the serial was on Thursday 28 April, prior to the studio filming. At once, Russell saw that there had been a change in Tom Baker since they had last worked together two years earlier; the actor had been awkward on *Pyramids of Mars* but was now even more in control of the show – with his own definite notions about the programme, its popularity, and what his character would or would not do. This immediately brought him into conflict with Russell, a director who did not welcome extra input from her cast. Eventually, Baker recognised that Russell wanted to produce the story as efficiently as possible and started to address her as "sir".

Baker's concerns over the character of Leela were also manifesting themselves as his attitude towards cast and crew became more temperamental. The actor did not really want a companion at all, and took out his unease on Jameson; Russell recalled how Baker would not speak to the actress or would make barbed comments. As a result, Jameson started to assert herself in rehearsals in a manner that she had not done before. The actress stood up to Baker in a confrontation over one scene in particular; this broke the ice, and Baker later apologised to Jameson for his behaviour, saying that he was arguing about the script so much only because he cared about the programme so greatly. After this, the pair's working relationship improved but, like Baker, Jameson wished to inject ideas into the story and found Russell's control slightly stifling.

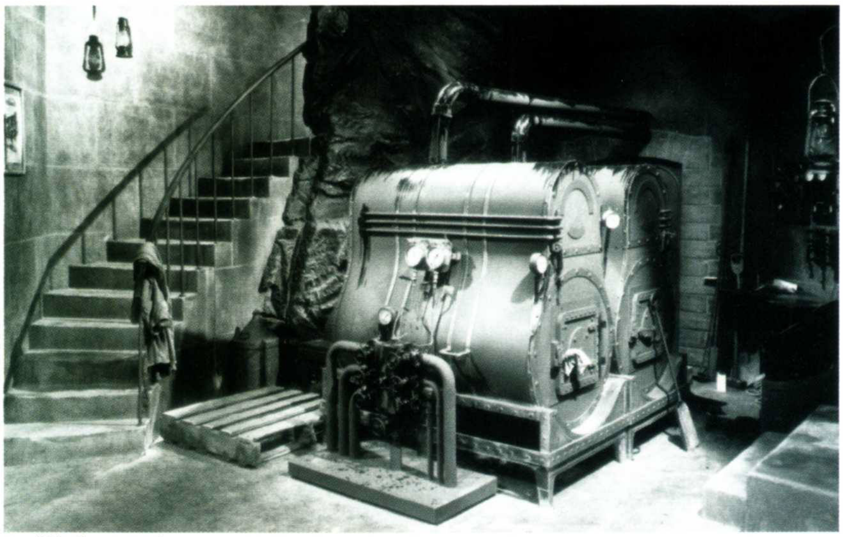
Being relatively new to television, John Abbot was delighted at the chance to play Vince, and stunned Baker at one point by admitting that he was happy to play a scene that the show's star was berating as "rubbish". Abbott got on well with Baker, despite having his script thrown out of the window from the sixth floor rehearsal room in Acton after Baker accused the actor of not knowing his lines. It was during rehearsals that Baker added the Doctor's references to an "early Schermuly" rocket in Part Four.

Allen's sets were errected on Stage 3A at Ealing Film Studios on Monday 2 May and lit the following day, ready for filming on Wednesday 4. The first day of shooting was due to start at 9.30am and required only Baker and Jameson, the intention being to play out the four scenes of the Doctor and Leela approaching the lighthouse and of Leela exploring the rocks from Part One.

Production was delayed when the Nike Camera crane required for some of the high angle shots arrived late, but Russell's team soon started shooting on 16mm film. For these scenes, Jameson was careful to remove the contractions from Leela's speech. As a point of continuity to *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, a reference was made by the Doctor to the ships that Leela had seen on the Thames. Jameson had a costume change for Part One – out of her ladies' wear and into the bulky sweater worn by the lighthouse crew. The actress had hoped that this would be baggy and make Leela look funny, but found she had to wear a belt to accentuate her figure.

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

"Doctor, I think the Witch Lords are this way ..." "Shut it, Leela!" © BBC VIDEO



An old boiler, yesterday. © PAUL ALLAN

Thursday 5 saw the team joined by Douglas and Abbott to shoot sequences of the Doctor, Reuben and Vince searching for survivors, and of the Doctor and Leela hunting for the 'Beast', for Part Two. Friday 6 was then kept spare to complete any unfinished scenes, and also to concentrate on the sequence of the Doctor and Leela escaping the lighthouse in Part Four. For this, shots of the Doctor coming into focus were shot from Leela's point-of-view; this was the only scene in the serial where Jameson did not have to wear her brown contact lenses.

Rehearsals for the first studio session got underway on Friday 13 May at the BBC's Acton rehearsal rooms. During rehearsals on Wednesday 18 May, it was decided that Brian Hodgson's TARDIS sound effect would henceforth be officially recategorised as an item of music each time it appeared in the series. Over the second weekend, Baker made a personal appearance at Kirby Malloy racetrack in Leicester, and appeared on Radio Leicester's local *Newsround* programme.

At the start of the following week, the cast and crew travelled from London up to Birmingham for the first of their two recording sessions at Pebble Mill. By now, it had been confirmed that

Insert 'money for old rope' gag here. © BBC Video

Horror of Fang Rock would open the new season, starting transmission on Saturday 3 September. Although she had had her misgivings about working at Pebble Mill, Russell was amazed at how helpful and adaptable the Birmingham crews were. With such a major show visiting them, the Pebble Mill crew were determined to show that they could be even more effecient that the London teams at Television Centre, where *Doctor Who* was nothing special. A cable had to be linked from Studio A to another studio, and the team worked flat out to have this done for 1pm on the first taping day. Electronic effects expert A J "Mitch" Mitchell had travelled up from London with Peter Pegrum in a car full of equipment, and was highly impressed to find that the Birmingham team had assembled a video effects desk for him similar to the one that he used in London; a tiny flaw meant that the equipment was a micro-second out with it timing, but by running some extra wiring around Pebble Mill the problem was soon solved.

Studio recording began on Wednesday 26 May, with an afternoon session from 2.30pm to 5.30pm and an evening session from 7.00pm to 10.00pm in Studio A. After morning camera rehearsals, Baker and Jameson joined presenter Donny McLeod to appear in the lunchtime magazine programme *Pebble Mill* and present the prizes to winners of a Design-A-Monster competition. One of the main topics of discussion during the ten-minute item was whether or not *Doctor Who* terrified children – illustrated by material from the previous month's *Whose Doctor Who*. Baker defended his show, claiming that children enjoyed being scared in a safe manner.

This first day in studio was spent recording Part One, with Russell opting to tape the show in sequence as far as possible; the principle exception being the first two scenes in the Lamp Room Gallery, which were recorded together in the afternoon. The Lamp Room Gallery set was a particularly awkward one to work in because of the shaped glass windows (as many of them as possible were removed) and the fact that the backdrop to this was a combination of dry-ice fog and a background CSOed onto a blue screen.

An image of swirling mist from a fog box was also superimposed on some film sequences, as well as on scenes set outside the Gallery on the gantry. The alien presence of the Rutan was usually indicated by a shimmering green glow, and more alien point-of-view shots were recorded of Ben during his demise. The other small sets with curved walls – notably the staircases – were also difficult for Russell to get her required camera shots around. Baker complained about a number of Russell's camera angles – claiming that his "Auntie Win" would not be able to see him – while Jameson fought to ensure that during recording, she was able to give the performance that she had rehearsed; she later apologised to Baker for holding up recording while she made her point.

Taping continued on Thursday 26, with the afternoon session ending at 6pm; a photocall for Baker, Jameson and Douglas was held on this day. Part Two was also recorded in sequence as far as possible, with the first few Lamp Gallery scenes grouped together at the start of the day. When the Doctor received a shock from the metal shelving, a blue spark video effect was superimposed. Unhappy about having to travel to Birmingham, Baker was in an awkward mood and, during one scene, kept on rushing into the Crew Room too quickly; after a couple of attempts, Russell gave up instructing the star and decided to have her cameras focus on Jameson instead. The star's behaviour annoyed some of the crew; he also blamed some of the other cast members when he forgot his lines.

Rehearsals for the second set of recordings began on Saturday 28 May; during this time, an edition of BBC2's panel game *Call My Bluff* with Baker as a guest was broadcast on Friday 3 June (one of two editions recorded back on Monday 1 November 1976) and then, on Sunday 5, the star made another public appearance, playing cricket at Blenheim Palace.

The crew travelled up to Birmingham again in early June for the final three day studio session. Taping began on Tuesday 7 June with a standard afternoon and evening recording; this covered Part Three – in sequence, apart from a few Lamp Gallery scenes of Vince on his own grouped together mid-way through the episode; as it turned out, the perspex sheets that formed this set had been badly damaged after the first recording but had been repaired by the ever-helpful studio manager. A blue flash effect was again used as the Doctor got a shock from the generator, and a green shimmering light was superimposed over a shot of Reuben in his room. For the death of Palmerdale, the tentacle that grabbed Caffery was taped on videodisc, being pulled away from the actor; when played in reverse, energy flashes were superimposed over the character.

Wednesday 8 June saw a morning recording session added from 11.30am to 1.00pm, with the afternoon block running to 6.00pm. This was for the beginning of Part Four, which was again taped mainly in order – aside from some of the scenes where Vince was found dead. A videodisc was again used to record Skinsale's death.

The final recording day, Thursday 9, also had a morning recording from 11am; this day was reserved for the bulk of the complex effects shots, and shooting over-ran by an hour to 11pm, partly because of problems with the quality of some of the film sequences. Chromakey had not been used extensively at Pebble Mill before, and Studio A had been equipped specially for *Doctor Who*; this was now used extensively in the closing sequences of Part Four, which saw the Doctor in conversation with the Rutan.

EFFECTS Rutan Scout

The Rutan prop was the result of a collaboration between Peter Pegrum and "Mitch" Mitchell, and was made as cheaply and as quickly as possible late in pre-production.

Several of the creatures were made from a special gelatine mixture which had been coloured with green vegetable dyes and had a high intensity quartz halogen lamp placed inside it; controlled by a rheostat, the lamp was able to pulse in time to the dialogue delivered by Colin Douglas. The Rutan props were kept in moulds, and stored in fridges taken from the Pebble Mill canteen just outside Studio A; they tended to start melting after a while, whereupon a replacement would be needed. Paddy Russell felt that the monster was not terribly successful and attempted to keep it off the screen as much as possible.

DEPARTURE Paddy Russell

Horror of Fang Rock was the final *Doctor Who* serial to be directed by Paddy Russell; the story was immensely draining and she was so exhausted after completing it that she decided never to work on the series again. Contacting Duncan Wood at Yorkshire, where she had directed sitcoms such as *My Old Man*, Russell went to work for the ITV company for several tears on various shows – such as *Emmerdale Farm*, *Calendar*, and *3-2-1*.

After the main bulk of the episodes had been taped, a number of special effects shots were recorded; these included the shot of the Rutan seen by Leela from the Lamp Room Gallery in Part Two, the Rutan on the model lighthouse in Part Three, the Doctor hanging from the model lighthouse in Part Four, and various shots of the Rutan moving up the staircase in Part Four. CSO was used for a shot of Leela hurling her knife at 'Reuben' in Part Four; Jameson was on a blue CSO set throwing the prop blade at a blue object positioned over the image of Douglas. During the time consuming CSO work on this final day, tempers started to get frayed in the studio, with Caffery in particular complaining about the way the cast were being treated.

A number of other video effects performed included the pink trail of the Rutan ship in Part One, the numerous blue/green edge-of-screen distortions for the Rutan's otherwise monochrome point-of-view shots, and the circular masking of the model film when seen by Reuben through his spyglass. Work with the Rutan prop was delayed from its scheduled session one morning until after lunch while the studio crew attempted to find a way to successfully achieve Russell's desired shots of the monster. When the afternoon session began, Russell discovered that the technical crew had broken into another studio to liberate the extra cameras and equipment needed for the sequence.

> **'The whole thing had a let's-make-the-best-of-it feel to it. It was a very unhappy period for us'**
>
> Louise Jameson • DWM 215

On Monday 13 June, Williams wrote a memo complaining about the film processing on the serial, which had caused delays on the final studio day; all the film inserts were meant to have been ready for the first studio session, but these prints – and the four subsequent ones provided – had all been unacceptable. The next day, Williams extended Russell's freelance director contract by three weeks to allow her to complete post-production on the serial; Part One was edited the same day, with the only trim being Vince's "I know what I saw" at the end of the first scene. The edit continued with the remaining episodes, including Part Three on Saturday 18 June and the final instalment on Friday 1 July. In the meantime, the presence of *Doctor Who* in Birmingham was heralded by an item about Baker and Jameson in the *Hereford Evening News* on Thursday 16 June.

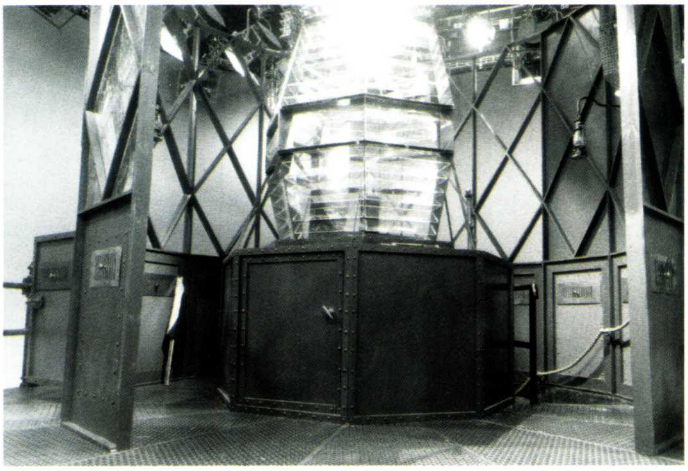
Composer Dudley Simpson had been commissioned to provide a score for the serial on Tuesday 10 May. The first recording session for Parts One and Two was held on Tuesday 19 July, with six musicians performing almost nine minutes of material. Part One was then dubbed on Saturday 23, with Part Two on Saturday 6 August. The final two episodes had just over 14 minutes of music taped on Thursday 11 August; these were dubbed on Sunday 11 and Wednesday 14 September, by which time the new season was underway.

Unlike the previous two seasons, the *Radio Times* failed to carry a feature promoting the return of *Doctor Who* for the BBC1 Autumn season; a monochrome picture of the Doctor and Leela accompanied the programme listing for Part One. The serial was promoted with a 65-second trailer, which highlighted the mystery of a lighthouse without a light, screened at 10am on Saturday 3 September. Prior to the broadcast of Part One, Louise Jameson was one of the guests on a repeated edition of the children's game show *Star Turn* – recorded Sunday 3 April and first broadcast Wednesday 6 April. She then joined Baker at Studio B13, Broadcasting House, where they were the guests on Pete Murray's *Open House* on BBC Radio 2 on Thursday 8 September.

Horror of Fang Rock Part One aired against a variety of shows on ITV, since the network's new season was being held back for the following week; the regions scheduled items as diverse as *Mr and Mrs*, *The Jetsons*, and a John Wayne film. From Saturday 10, though, most regions took LWT's diet of *The Masterspy* followed by *New Faces*. Although the first week's ratings were very low – the lowest in two years, in fact – there was a steady build through the serial's run, taking the show back into the Top 30. The final episode was followed by a 21-second trailer for *The Invisible Enemy* at 6.39pm.

In *The Observer* on Thursday 29 September, television critic Richard Boston commented that, "having watched the programme man and boy these past few decades," he felt the series was now "below standard"; his main targets for criticism were the slow pace, characterisation and dialogue.

Terrance Dicks rapidly novelised his scripts as *Doctor Who and the Horror of Fang Rock*, which was published in hardback by W H Allen and in paperback by Target in March 1978; the cover artwork was by Jeff Cummins. It was planned that the book, latterly No 32 in the Target Library, would be reprinted by Virgin in Spring 1994 with a new cover from Alister Pearson – but, though artwork was produced, Virgin cancelled their reprint program before the book saw print.



The impressive – if problematical – lamp-room set at Pebble Mill. © PAUL ALLAN

The Horror of Fang Rock was sold to Australia in May 1978; they aired it uncut with a G rating in 1979; it was repeated in 1982 and again in the late 1980s. The serial was also sold in 1978 to North America, where it was initially edited and had extra narration from Howard da Silva added, and Ecuador, with sales to Brazil, Guatemala, Chile, Mexico and Venezeula in the following year. Canada purchased the serial for its 1980/81 season – and it was soon seen uncut in North America, where it was also syndicated as a TV movie of 90 minutes duration. New Zealand debuted the serial in September 1987, with a repeat screening in March 2001. In the UK, Superchannel broadcast *Horror of Fang Rock* in 1988 and 1989; UK Gold screened it episodically from February 1994 and has shown it in compilation form from March 1994. BBC Worldwide released the serial on videotape in July 1998. The BBC retain D3 copies of the serial from its original 2 inch tapes. DWM

SERIAL 4V Horror of Fang Rock

CAST **Tom Baker** *Doctor Who with* **John Abbott** *Vince*, **Colin Douglas** *Reuben**, **Ralph Watson** *Ben [1]*, **Louise Jameson** *Leela*, **Sean Caffery** *Lord Palmerdale [2-4]*, **Alan Rowe** *Skinsale [2-4]*, **Annette Woollett** *Adelaide [2-4]*, **Rio Fanning** *Harker [2-3]*.

** Also plays the Rutan duplicate in Parts Three/Four and the voice of the Rutan in Part Four.*

CREDITS *Written by* **Terrance Dicks**. *Incidental Music by* **Dudley Simpson**. *Title Music by* **Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop** [1]. *Title Sequence by* **Bernard Lodge** [1]. *Production Assistant* **Peter Grimwade**. *Production Unit Manager* **John Nathan-Turner**. *Lighting* **Bob Gell**. *Sound* **David Hughes**. *Film Cameraman* **John Walker**. *Visual Effects Designer* **Peter Pegrum.** *Special Sound* **Dick Mills**. *Costume Designer* **Joyce Hawkins**. *Make-up Artist* **Jackie Hodgson**. *Script Editor* **Robert Holmes**. *Designer* **Paul Allen**. *Producer* **Graham Williams**. *Directed by* **Paddy Russell**. BBC © 1977

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (chart pos)	App index
Part One	3 September 1977	6.15-6.40pm	24'10"	6.8M (52nd)	58
Part Two	10 September 1977	6.15-6.40pm	24'10"	7.1M (51st)	–
Part Three	17 September 1977	6.15-6.40pm	23'12"	9.8M (23rd)	60
Part Four	24 September 1977	6.15-6.40pm	23'49"	9.9M (28th)	57

'Dtl.
Productions
Presents

THE PUB FORUM WITH OUR SPECIAL GUEST ALE DRINKER

COLIN BAKER

Somewhere on the outer reaches of our galaxy, the Mooncalf Public House staggers its way around space.
Every fifth entrepian full moon, the Pub Forum congregate within its earthly interior
to discuss life,the universe and everyone! They also invite others.........
Together with the landlord of language, Colin Baker is captured live, conversing for coventry!, then released
onto compact disc for your listening pleasure!

AVAILABLE 22ND JULY

ORDER NOW AT THE BAR OR ALTERNATIVELY, FILL IN THE FORM BELOW

Please send me ....copies of the Pub Forum With Colin Baker @ £10.99p (£12.50p overseas) each inc P+P
Delivery within 28 days of release

NAME...ADDRESS..
....
....POSTCODE...

CHEQUES PAYABLE TO: DTL Productions, 2 Clover Close, Ipswich, Suffolk, IP2 0PW, England.

FREEPHONE ORDERLINE
0800 975 4581
FROM OVERSEAS
0044 207 836 2341
FAX 0207 240 5419

THE STAMP CENTRE

79 THE STRAND LONDON WC2R ODE

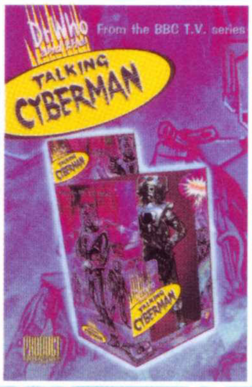
VISIT OUR NEW WEBSITE: www.scificollector.co.uk

SHOP HOURS
MON - SAT
9.30/5.00
TRADE ENQUIRIES WELCOME

NEW SIGNED BY MRS JOHN PERTWEE TO COMMEMORATE:

THE BBC PLAQUE UNVEILING ON 18TH MAY
LIMITED EDITION 1000
JUST £12.50 + £1 P&P

THE TALKING CYBERMAN



- 3 AUTHENTIC COMMANDS
- FULLY ARTICULATED WITH CYBERBLASTER

SERIOUSLY SCARY!

CYBERMAN WARRIOR £19.95 + £3 P&P
CYBER LEADER £19.95 + £3 P&P
OR £39.95 THE 2 POSTFREE

NEW ADRIC SIGNED COVER

PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED BY MATTHEW WATERHOUSE

LIMITED EDITION 1000
JUST £12.50 +£1 P&P

NEW PETER DAVISON

LIMITED EDITION SIGNED PRINT
JUST £15 + £1 P&P

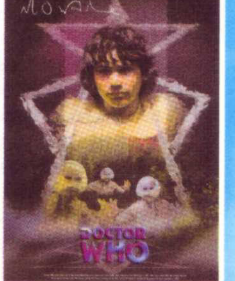
ROLLAMATICS

PULL BACK MOTOR ACTION
FULLY ARTICULATED, HIGHLY DETAILED
4 DIFFERENT SETS TO COLLECT
JUST £14.99 + £2 P&P
PER SET OF 3

1. EVIL OF THE DALEKS
2. DAYS OF THE DALEKS
3. RENEGADE REMEMBRANCE
4. IMPERIAL REMEMBRANCE

ALL 4 JUST £59.50 POSTFREE

NEW ADRIC



LIMITED EDITION SIGNED PRINT
JUST £15 + £1 P&P

Go tell it on the mountain!

THERE AND BACK AGAIN ... AND AGAIN ... AND AGAIN!
FOUR WRITERS, THREE DOCTORS, TWO
FORMER COMPANIONS, AND A HOST OF
OTHER FASCINATING FOLK TAKE
BENJAMIN COOK ON A WHIRLWIND
TOUR OF THE PLANET ARTARIS ...

Photos © Benjamin Cook

Three Doctors, all alike in dignity,
In fair Excelis, where we lay our scene,
From ancient Relic break to new mutiny,
Where Miss Wildthyme makes civil
plans obscene.
From forth the performance of devious foes,
A cast of star-flung travellers take the bus;
Who's missing adventures' triumphs and overthrows
Doth with a handbag stir up quite a fuss.
The fearful passage of their death-defying quest,
And the order of Artaris, which ought ne'er diminish,
Which, but Lord Grayvorn's end, nought could revest,
Is now five hours' traffic on CDs from Big Finish:
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, their toil shall strive to mend.

"We had a small number of complaints," admits Big Finish co-producer Jason Haigh-Ellery, "about releasing four successive Eighth Doctor plays last year. So, when we decided to do a run of six this year, an additional mini-series with the other three Doctors seemed like a fun idea. I wanted one play set in medieval times, one set in the Victorian era, and one contemporary or futuristic story – in essence, anyway, as all three would be set around one city, Excelis, on the planet Artaris. Gary [Russell, co-producer] suggested tacking a *Professor Bernice Summerfield* play on the end as a fun coda, and to give anyone who hasn't dipped into our Benny range a reason to do so. And Gary chose the four writers ..."

"In the summer of last year," recalls Stephen Cole, "I was approached, like many other authors, to come up with story ideas for the then trilogy. I proposed a storyline for the Seventh Doctor, which could have rounded up the saga, but then Gary asked me if I'd write it for Benny instead – with the added bonus of including Iris Wildthyme, so I was doubly delighted." The end result was *Bernice Summerfield and the Plague Herds of Excelis*, which Stephen "tried to play dead straight, you know, but with humourous frills. I've never employed an army of plague-ridden animal undead before!"

Iris Wildthyme, originally created by author Paul Magrs for his novel *Marked For Life* before becoming a regular part of his *Doctor Who* writing, features heavily in both the first and fourth instalments of the now inaccurately named 'Excelis trilogy'. "Iris makes me laugh," Paul chuckles. "I wanted to create a Time Lady that can – and does – say and do things that the Doctor never could. Iris buggers up adventures. She has a raffish quality. And I loved realising her on audio – at last. Blissful! She works so well with the Fifth Doctor," he continues, "especially in the quieter scenes, you know, when they just sit and talk. I wanted to see the quieter side of the Fifth Doctor on TV, but I never did, so that was what I was aiming for in *Excelis Dawns* – a richer, darker, contemplative Fifth Doctor. And Gary casting Katy as Iris was a stroke of genius. Inspired! A bit of a surprise, I admit, but inspired nonetheless." Katy is more familiar to *Doctor Who* fans as Third Doctor companion Jo Grant. "She's a perfect Iris! Very well realised. I think she was doing Gracie Fields, which pleased me no end – being a Gracie fan, of course. Katy created a whole new Iris – yet *another* Iris. Her fourth incarnation, I think."

"Katy Manning is barking!" declares Peter Davison. "Barking mad! I never knew when she was going to stop speaking. Or ad-libbing. I would be very interested to have the writer – poor sod – listen to *Excelis Dawns*. I don't know what on Earth he'll makes of it." He elaborates: "George Kaufman wrote a film for the Marx Brothers called, I think, *A Day at the Races*. After watching for about 40 minutes, Kaufman stood up and said, 'Stop the film! I thought I heard one of the original lines of the show!' And it felt like that on *Excelis Dawns*. I was looking at my script, listening to Katy, thinking, 'Hang on! That's not what's written down here. What's going on?' Barking!"

"I was surprised," Stephen confesses, "that Katy was cast as Iris, but absolutely delighted." As a former *Doctor Who* range consultant for BBC Books, Stephen oversaw Wildthyme's introduction in print. "I was glad that Big Finish went for the elderly version, rather than the 'Barbarella' incarnation! She's so outrageous."

"Iris Wildthyme is simply divine," gushes Katy Manning, waving her hands in all directions. "Who wouldn't love this wonderful woman? She smokes, she drinks ... She's great!" Is there any of Iris in Katy – so to speak? "Oh, I don't think so, darling. A demented energy, perhaps, but nothing else. I mean, *c'mon*! I don't drink. I don't smoke." The lady doth protest too much, methinks. "Hmm. Well, I have the occasional smoke, but I'm not from up North, am I? And I can't drive a bus. I wouldn't be able to see where I was going, darling! I never play myself. If I played myself, why would I act?" Katy is particularly fond of Iris' accent, though. "Ooh yes! Her voice is very important. The voice must come through the character; if you put on a voice, you're in big trouble. And you must get the body language right, even on audio," she asserts, gesticulating wildly, "especially when you're speaking in any kind of dialect. You must do the body language, sweetheart, or it simply won't work!"

'Katy Manning is barking mad! I never knew when she was going to stop ad-libbing. I don't know what the writer is going to make of it ... poor sod!'
Peter Davison

"I'd never met Katy before," ponders Lisa Bowerman, alias Benny Summerfield, star of Big Finish's *Professor Bernice Summerfield* audio adventures, "but she was great fun. She kept us on our toes." And what did Lisa make of Iris? "Oh, wild! She's wild all right. A real character."

"I think Benny and Iris work well together," Stephen nods. "I enjoyed introducing them to one another." Which woman would he prefer to date? "Heh, heh! Splendid women, both of them ..." Does he enjoy writing for strong women? "Definitely – but Iris can dominate the action. I didn't want Benny to wind up marginalized, so I had to strike a balance. They found common ground, I think, while protecting their own agendas. I hope there's a rematch."

From left to right: Colin Baker and Charles Kay, stars of *Excelis Rising*; Sylvester McCoy and Ian Collier watch as *Excelis Decays*.

"I certainly want Big Finish to do a Sixth Doctor and Iris story soon," grins Gary Russell. "Colin [Baker], Katy and Paul are keen, so I guess that it'll happen eventually"

"Iris might meet her match," hints Paul, "in the Sixth Doctor. And their costumes are bound to clash!" What else can he tell us about this as-yet-unnamed adventure? "Nothing." Nothing? "Top secret! Erm – except that it'll be a 'collaboration'. And I'd like Iris to meet McGann's Doctor, too, before long." Will we ever see – or, erm, hear – Iris' handbag again? "Who knows? Clever that, wasn't it? I came up with the idea of the Relic ..."

"But it fell to me," interrupts Stephen, "to find the *reason* why the Relic resembled a handbag. 'The destiny of a civilisation is at stake,' I thought, 'and it's all over a handbag!' You take that mad starting point and extrapolate. The ideas get a bit wild, but I find it's more fun that way. I read Paul's script to see what he was setting out, and he read mine to give the seal of approval on my use of Iris. And I read the storylines for David's and Craig's instalments, so I knew what was going on ... I had to work this incredible apocalyptic event, which had rounded off the Doctor's involvement, into the set-up of my Benny story. Not a case of just trying to trump what had gone before, you know, but trying to progress the story arc to a still more far-reaching and fantastic resolution."

"I wanted to write a relatively enclosed story," reveals David A McIntee, whose *Excelis Rising* script marked his *Doctor Who* audio début, "to contrast with the epic quest style of Paul's opening instalment. The sort of building you'd most likely find an ancient relic in is a museum, so ... And I wanted a sort of M R James atmosphere – but, as *Rising* had to be set on Artaris, I wanted it to be pseudo-Victorian. M R James does Steampunk, basically! We were told what the titles had to be, but I asked to change mine as soon as I was commissioned: originally, it was to be *Excelis Rises*, you see, but I thought that *Excelis Rising* had a better ring to it – you know, sort of a *Bad Moon Rising* sound."

"We had the choice," explains Craig Hinton, "of writing either for Colin or Sylvester, as Paul had already written the Davison instalment. I plumped, like David, for the Victorian era Sixth Doctor story. I feel comfortable writing for that incarnation, you see, having penned Sixth Doctor novels for both the BBC and Virgin. Although Gary liked my storyline, he wanted me to turn it into the contemporary Seventh Doctor instalment, which was fine. I wasn't unduly concerned, having written for the Seventh Doctor before – my Virgin *New Adventure*, *GodEngine*. And I'm a great adherent of the Terrance Dicks school of thought: the Doctor is the Doctor, whatever incarnation he happens to be in." *Excelis Decays* is also Craig's first *Doctor Who* script. "I attended the studio recording," he says, "which was fascinating. I heard my script come to life, which sent a real shiver down my spine. The hairs on the back of my neck stood on end. Amazing. And I felt that, in many ways, my story worked better set in the near future. *Excelis Rising* more than did justice to

Handbags at dawn? Bernice Summerfield (Lisa Bowerman) meets Iris Wildthyme (Katy Manning) as they battle *The Plague Herds of Excelis*.

the Victorian era instalment.”

“*Excelis Rising* is very much a character-driven piece,” details David, “in the mould of one of those Victorian tall tales that you used to see in *The Nth Fontana Book of Great Ghost Stories*. I am more like the Sixth Doctor than any of his other incarnations, so I guess that made him easier to write! And Colin has such a good voice for audio that it was easy to hold in my mind.”

‘All drama works better on audio,” says Colin Baker, “because the audience plays a greater part. If you're listening to *Excelis Rising* in your armchair at home, then you're providing the pictures – and I can look exactly how you want me to! I expect that my Doctor works better now on audio than he would if I were still playing him on television. I look completely different, after all, but I'm much the same vocally. You can hardly tell the difference. I may have sunk into decrepitude,” he chuckles, “but on audio, I'm still the lusty young male that I once was!”

“I wanted to do the Colin play,” David reasons, “because: a) he's much better in the audio plays than on TV; b) he fits in much better with the back-and-forth dialogue between Doctor and villain; and c) I'd just written a Seventh Doctor book [*Bullet Time*] so didn't want to write for the same Doctor twice in succession. Also, I'd heard that [*Buffy the Vampire Slayer* star] Anthony Stewart Head was being, um, headhunted for the Excelis series – and I definitely wanted to write for Giles, so I sent in an idea.”

Left: The cast of *Decays* meet author Craig Hinton. Right: Producer Gary Russell and Anthony Stewart Head get cheesy!

> 'Iris Wildthyme is simply divine! Who wouldn't love this wonderful woman? She smokes, she drinks, she's great!'
> **Katy Manning**

“What a fab man!” Gary Russell seems mightily impressed with Anthony Stewart Head. “We'd wanted to use Anthony for a while, actually, so I think it was a definite ‘let's have a recurring villain that we can offer him’ idea. If he'd said no, then someone else would have played Grayvorn, but he said yes, which was lucky, wasn't it? It'd be nice to work with Anthony again. We'll have to see.”

“The character of Grayvorn,” clarifies Craig, “develops through the first three plays. He's a bluff warlord in *Dawns*, a political manipulator on the brink of madness in *Rising* and, by the time of mine, he seriously believes that he can conquer the Universe. As Anthony's involvement wasn't confirmed when we started writing, David and I needed a point of reference – more to ‘nail’ the voice down – so we decided to write the character with Count Scarlioni [from *City of Death*] in mind. We never expected Julian Glover to play the part, but there is, I think, a certain similarity between the roles, so it fixed Grayvorn in our minds. Anthony delivered the sort of restrained evil that I was aiming at; his chilling portrayal lived up to – and surpassed – my expectations.”

“A few of his lines gave me the willies,” shudders David, “and I knew that they were coming! A good villain has to be dangerous. And smart enough to be a real threat to our hero. Good dialogue is the other essential ingredient – the Doctor has a taste for a certain type of speech, and the villain has to be able to match him. Also, of course, it's fun to hear two actors play off each other like that.”

“Grayvorn is demented,” insists Paul. “He is a dysfunctional warlord. Gary asked me to come up with a concept that could kick-start Grayvorn's epic adventure, so that was where the handbag came in! I don't think Gary confirmed that Anthony would play Grayvorn until I was at least halfway through writing the script. And even then, I had to keep it quiet. You get used to biting your tongue when you write for *Doctor Who*.”

Warlords and handbags aside, what exactly is *Excelis Dawns* about, then? “Don't ask me,” shrugs Peter Davison. “I have no idea.” Oh. “It's good, though, but ...”

“I can tell you what it *isn't* about,” says Paul Magrs, helpfully. “There aren't any poodles in it! *Excelis Dawns* is *Black Narcissus* meets *At the Earth's Core* – with handbags!” Does he prefer writing scripts or novels? “I like them both, but I have enjoyed not having to worry about description! Pages go by faster on audio. And lots of people are involved – actors, musicians, directors ...” Is it ever hard to let go? “No – it's a relief.”

Is there still a chance of an Iris audio series? “I hope so,” Paul continues. “Mind you,” he grins, mischievously, “I wouldn't mind writing her into a **DWM** comic strip. Ask the editor if I can. Go on! And I'll draw it for you, too, if you want! Fandom seems fond of Iris. And I like it when other writers use her.” Is Iris anything like Paul? “No, no, no! I can't drive a bus. Actually, I can't drive full stop. And some people find Iris irritating, but I can't think why – heh! And I can't pretend to care. There have been negative comments, I know, especially on the internet, but people have been positive, too. People seem split on *Excelis Dawns*, which is fine, if a bit baffling.”

“*Excelis Rising* seems to have been pretty well received,” considers David, “even from those who dislike my books. Maybe this medium suits my strengths better? The best compliment that I've seen was on the BBCi message board, where somebody said that *Excelis Rising* is ‘a crap sequel in exactly the same way that *The Empire Strikes Back* was a crap sequel!’ I was so pleased.

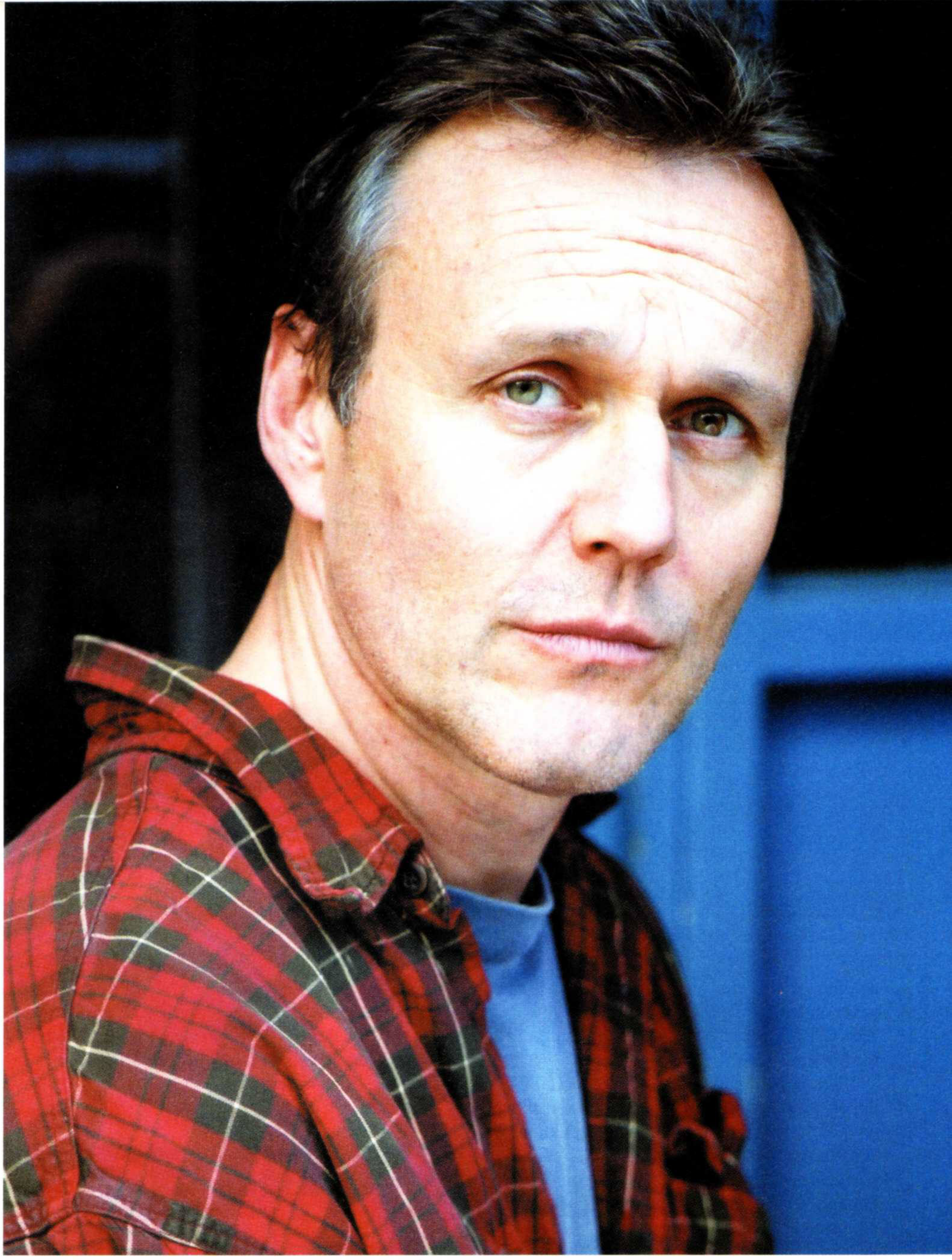
“You may be interested to know, incidentally, that the character of the Curator was actually written for Michael Sheard, who's an old mate, but I thought Charles Kay really made the part his own. Funnily enough, I saw Charles in a Jeremy Brett *Sherlock Holmes* episode the other day – and he looked, even down to the costume, just as I imagine the Curator!"

"When the Sixth Doctor left Excelis, the world was entering an age of enlightenment," Craig points out, "but when the Seventh Doctor arrives, he discovers a totalitarian regime – complete with floating cities, and a drugged underclass – at war with the rest of Artaris. Not only is Grayvorn still alive, but he is also acting as an *eminence grise* – manipulating events to ensure that the war will last forever. He has set his sights on a prize far greater than just the planet. A prize that only the Doctor can give him ..."

"Acting is a lot like table tennis." Sylvester McCoy is feeling philosophical. "You bat the ball," he muses, "and your co-stars bat it back. And that, you see, is why I wish that Anthony had been in studio with us." Head recorded all of his lines separately in a prior studio session. "Listening to how someone delivers a line," continues Sylvester, "can affect how you, sort of, bat back. It'll be interesting to find out what Anthony sounds like!" Has Sylvester any idea, then, of what *Excelis Decays* is about? "None at all. I just try not to bump into the monsters."

"The monsters aren't actually there," smiles Colin Baker. "If the audience believe in a situation – and it is our responsibility, as actors, to make them believe – then they'll be with you all the way."

"I don't think I got the Seventh Doctor quite right in *GodEngine*," resumes Craig, "so I was determined to nail the character in *Excelis Decays*. Gary wanted the story set close to the 1996 TV Movie – at which point, the Doctor has put his manipulations and machinations behind him. He is at peace with himself."


Buffy star Anthony Stewart Head – alias *Excelis'* wicked Lord Grayvorn. © LB Photography

The *Excelis Decays* recording reunited Sylvester with his *Doctor Who* TV Movie co-star Yee Jee Tso, who was visiting the UK from Canada courtesy of 10th Planet. "I worked on that film for, like, a month-and-a-half," Yee Jee raves, "but I'm still getting chances to do all these cool things! I can't believe it!" What differences does he notice between Brits and North Americans? "Heh, heh! 'All English people are assholes!' No, no, I'm joking ... The main thing, I think, is the sense of humour. The British style of humour, which everyone in England seems to have, is very distinctive – quite different to how people take the piss in Canada, so you kind of have to get used to it."

"Major Brant was based on Simon Williams' portrayal of James Bellamy in [1970s ITV drama] *Upstairs Downstairs*," Craig confesses, "so I had mixed feelings when I discovered that Yee Jee had been cast. I wasn't sure that he was right for the role. I had imagined Brant as being in his late thirties. Any doubts evaporated, though, as soon as I heard Yee Jee's performance – exactly the right degree of arrogance, which buckles immediately when he is challenged. Perfect! And Yee Jee's such a nice bloke. He looks even younger than he did as Chang Lee!"

"A total bastard!" So says Yee Jee about Major Brant. "He has ended up, I guess, as the puppet to the bad guy. He's kind of like Chang Lee, actually – but more is left to the imagination on audio. And character flaws that might show up on screen are glazed over. People imagine the characters for themselves, so they can fill in the rough spots. I'd love to do more *Doctor Who* for Big Finish. Somebody mentioned the fortieth anniversary or something, so it'd be nice to come back for that. I just hope people are still interested in having me around."

"Who wouldn't love this wonderful woman?" Katy in studio as Iris. © B Cook

"Yee Jee was a joy," Sylvester chimes in. "Full of bounce! It would be nice to see him again."

"There is, perhaps, a temptation to over-perform on audio, so I've got to be careful," notes *Excelis Decays'* special guest star, Ian Collier, "but I think actors should be allowed to go a little over-the-top from time to time – especially in science fiction!" Ian previously appeared in *Doctor Who* as Stuart Hyde in *The Time Monster* ("Ingrid Pitt wasn't at all glamourous. She was keen on the money that her tits could make her, but she thought TV was beneath her. She spent all of her time telling us why we didn't know we were born!") and as Omega in *Arc of Infinity* ("Extremely uncomfortable! I had explosive charges planted all over my body. I had sore patches on my skin that night. I should have sued!") ...

Craig wrote the character of Commissar Sallis in *Excelis Decays* specifically for Ian. "We drink in the same pub," he discloses. "Ian retired from acting in 1994, so I was delighted when he agreed to take part in *Decays*. His reaction was immediate: 'Blustering warhorse is one of my stock roles, darling heart!' I couldn't have hoped for a better Sallis. Ian brought all the right qualities to the part – confidence, anger, passion ..."

"I've done an awful lot of crusty old colonels in my time," exclaims Ian, "so why not play another one? If Big Finish ever need another crusty

If the wind changes, you'll stay like that! Sylvester McCoy and Yee Jee Tso reunited for *Excelis Decays*, swapping sunny Vancouver for drizzly Stockwell ... © Benjamin Cook

colonel ..." He considers this, before adding: "I never understood why the BBC cancelled *Doctor Who*. Madness! You can't kill a cult! Thank God for Big Finish, eh?"

"One can't help thinking," ponders Colin Baker, "that had we had scripts of this quality on television, the series might have lasted longer. What is being produced now is far superior. I have the level of script that I didn't consistently get on TV." When will Colin himself pen an audio adventure? "Watch this space ..."

'It's a shame," Stephen Cole laments, "that the Benny range isn't as well-celebrated as the regular Big Finish *Doctor Who* releases. The range is filled with imaginative writing and concepts, but ..." The initial idea for the 'Head-less' *Plague Herds* came from "contemplating heaven and hell," he reflects, "and the transmigration of human souls into this afterlife in the Relic. And the family dog, Tara, had recently passed away, poor thing, and I thought, 'What about animals, then? Where do they go?' And the image of hellhounds became oddly infiltrated by devil-cows and Hades-pigs! So, *Plague Herds* is a slightly mad, breathless dash through a twisty-turny plot, but full of adventure and, I hope, interesting concepts and characters. And Iris Wildthyme – bless her! I'm dying to hear how *Plague Herds* has been realised."

How, I ask, has Benny developed over the course of the audio series? "She's had a baby!" shrieks Lisa Bowerman. "Quite a development!" Did she, uh, give birth on audio? "Well, no. I think the actual birth was in one of the novels. It took me by surprise." Will we get to hear the child? "We're still waiting for that one!" Any exciting behind-the-scenes anecdotes? "Erm, no. Shall I make one up?" Would you mind? "*Plague Herds* has been thrilling. Heh, heh! That is the nature of a *Bernice Summerfield* adventure – running around, shouting at people ... And this time, Benny has a bus to contend with!" What about the rumoured *Plague Herds* sex scene?

> **'I can look exectly how you want me to on audio. I may have sunk into decrepitude – but in the mind of the listener, I'm still a lusty young male!' Colin Baker**

22 PUTNEY COMMON

DWM artist Adrian Salmon's stunning artwork for *The Plague Herds of Excelis*.

"Oh yes! The sex scene! Erm – I'll keep that one for your imaginations." Lisa Bowerman laughs like a drain. "Oh dear! That wasn't a very insightful interview, was it? I couldn't even tell you what *Plague Herds* was about. Ooh! No, wait! The handbag! I forgot to mention the handbag! Is there space to tell you about the handb–"

How far was Stephen's script rewritten before recording? "The director, John Ainsworth, was great," enthuses Stephen, "at picking up bits and pieces in the script that could be improved. He encouraged me to question the morality of Iris' support for the alien queen, for example, which brought out a whole new layer at the end. I'm very pleased with Iris and Benny's little discussion of that in the final scene." What is it, then, about storytelling that appeals to Stephen? "It's so much fun," he beams. "It's a platform for ideas, for dialogue, for passions, and invention – both in the editing and the actual writing. I absolutely love it! I don't ever want to stop."

"You must enjoy what you're writing," Craig agrees, "or it shows in a lack of emotion in the finished product – a flat book, a dull play. I want to create people and worlds, and then share them. That's what writing's all about."

"Writing stories is what I do," shrugs Paul. "I've been writing *Doctor Who* novels since I was ten! I just love stories – newspaper gossip, 500-page novels, whatever!"

"Without wanting to sound pretentious," takes up David, "I think everyone has to do their bit to help the world run – some people are surgeons, some grow food, some build houses ... If I can help a few thousand people forget their troubles for an hour or two then I've done my bit. And besides, if I didn't let these stories out, my head would explode from the pressure!"

Go hence, to have more talk of these four plays:
Some shall be censured, and others praised:
For never was a story more overdue
Than this of Excelis and Doctor Who!

DWM

The DWM Review

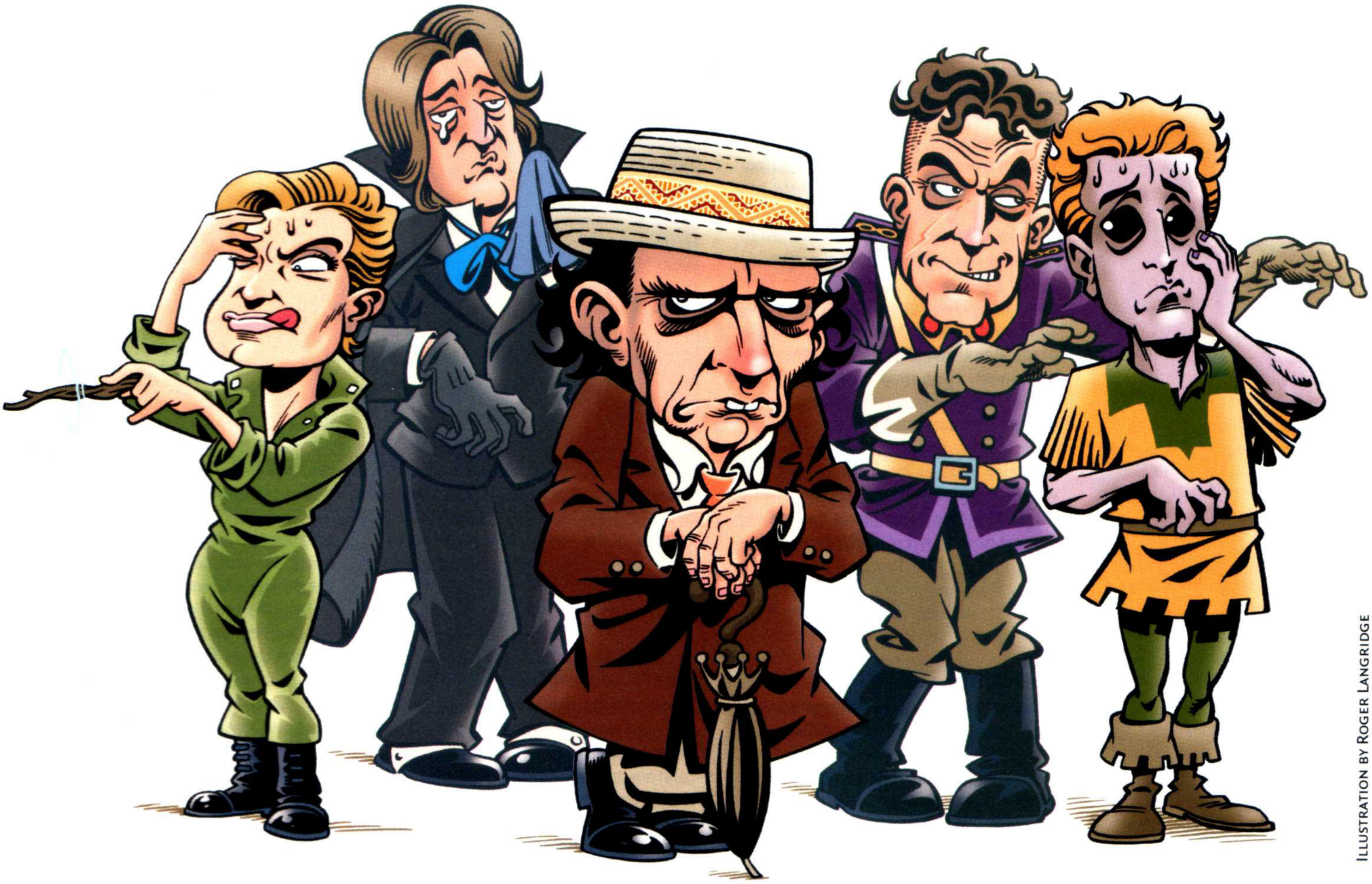


Illustration by Roger Langridge

Disconcerting

THE FANDOM MENACE? OR JUST ANOTHER ATTACK OF THE CLONES?

DOCTOR WHO: DEATH COMES TO TIME

WEBCAST BBCi
AUTHOR Colin Meek
RRP Free!
TRANSMITTED 13 July 2001 (pilot), 14 February - 3 May 2002

The terrible thing about being a *Doctor Who* fan is that whenever the show appears in the media, one's friends and colleagues gather around in a piteous attempt to either be the first to tell you the news ("There's going to be a *Doctor Who* film!") as if you might possibly not have heard it, or to then ask you questions that you cannot possibly answer ("Is it going to be any good?"). Thus, it was with a weary familiarity that the lunchtime banter fell to the online webcast of *Death Comes To Time*. "It's going to be on the internet", they said. I assumed my usual pious air and haughtily informed my colleagues that "It's just a rejected radio pilot you know. And it's not as if it's even the first audio *Doctor Who*." Luckily, I didn't have to act as the series' ambassador on this occasion, being called to justify neither set design nor the casting of Sylvester McCoy, since not one real person I know bothered downloading it. But I suppose the point is that they *could* have done. And assuming that one is internet connected, this was the first slice of *Doctor Who* in a long while that could be experienced without shelling out for a book or CD; *Doctor Who* was, terrifyingly, back in the public domain.

The first instalment, *At The Temple of the Fourth*, begins sounding very much like *The Clangers*, as harp-accompanied narration spins a dreamy tale. Then it's headlong into space battle – as the Canisian General Tannis stamps his jackboot upon the peaceable Republic of Santiny. John Sessions plays Tannis with rather less restraint than he does Joe Pesci in *Stella Street*, making him a fluting-voiced sadist with a bent for showing his victims precisely what they are losing.

This is the first Doctor Who in a long while that can be experienced for free

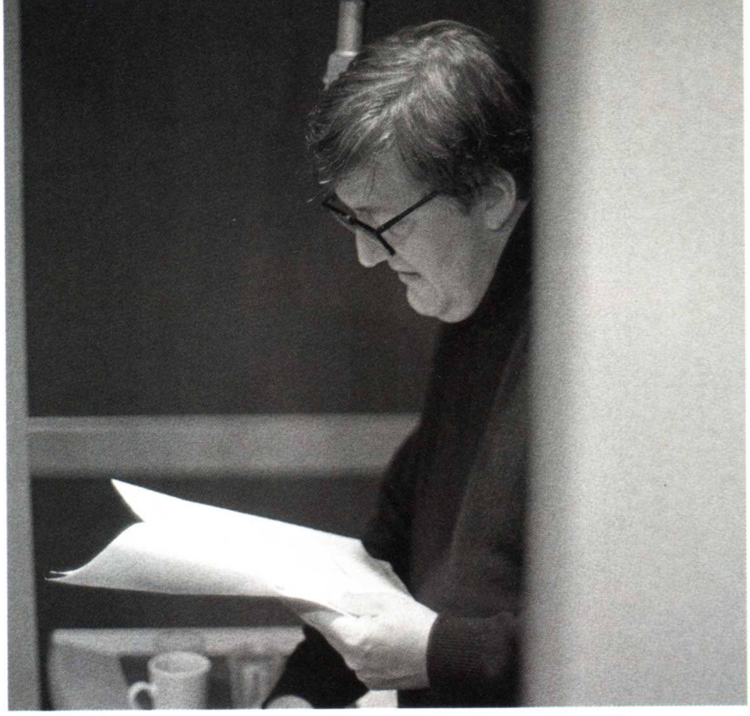
He's the easiest thing to enjoy at first, although the performance never alters and the character is simply bad, not damaged or misunderstood.

Rather than the Doctor and Ace arriving together, she is inexplicably a prisoner of the Canisians, and he has acquired a new companion, Antimony, played by the actor Kevin Eldon. Named after a metal, and with a naïvely literal interpretation of all around him, it seems immediately apparent that he is an android. Disconcertingly, the Doctor refers to him as "laddie" and "my boy", as though his first incarnation were reasserting itself. Antimony himself is very good at getting into trouble and asking questions, eventually becoming very likeable. Ace, too, has many questions, although these are now reserved for her rescuer, Casmus, a "God of the Fourth". Casmus' catch phrase might as well be "I wanna tell you an allegory", such is his love of metaphoric parable. There are what feels like a thousand of these over the course of the five episodes, and occasionally, when they are poetic in their own right, they can be very pleasant, the first instalment especially benefitting from the contrast between such different storytelling styles.

That first episode is really rather promising. Having set up three seemingly independent story threads – the invasion of Santiny, Ace's mentoring

WARNING! Spoilers ahead

It's **Doctor Who Magazine***'s policy to review new Doctor Who adventures as fully as possible, from beginning to end – so if you've not yet read or listened to the books and audios under discussion in this issue, and you don't want their plots to be given away, stop reading now!*



Doctor Who by any other name? Stephen Fry aka the Minister of Chance. © I Nolan

under Casmus, and the murder of two Time Lords – the episode demonstrates a versatile touch and, thankfully, is not enmired in the series' past. It is different in style to the subsequent parts, though, having been made purely for radio. The segments that it is chopped into for digestible online use seem a little arbitrary however, with the satisfyingly ballsy theme tune crashing in moments into the second segment, for example. And Lee Sullivan's wonderful illustrations, panning across the window as one listens, are a supplement, rather than a component.

Since the late 1980s, I have wanted to see Stephen Fry in *Doctor Who*, preferably as the Doctor, so it is a delight to hear him as the Minister of Chance – a character not entirely dissimilar to our titular hero. They are so alike, in fact, that when they meet, they simply exchange missions, like A&E consultants at a shift change. The part must have been written expressly for Fry, and I have a shrewd suspicion that at least some of it was written *by* him, with modest and witty words like "My courageous dive to the nearest bush" or "I'm as happy as a simile" sounding like they have fallen from the pages of his *Moab Is My Washpot*.

As the scene shifts to present-day London, Episode Two, *Planet of Blood*, is the most individually satisfying. A couple of suspicious policemen bring out the familiar humour of a companion rooted, I feel, in *Star Trek*'s Spock or Data, and make refreshing company for McCoy's Doctor, playing it the straightest he ever has, and proving that copper makes as good a foil as Antimony.

In story terms, however, I was mystified as to why two Time Lords ("The Saints", presumably in honour of Southampton FC) would base their research into time disruption caused by black holes at an Earth observatory when they could have all the observational resources of Gallifrey at their disposal. Equally baffling is why two very different types of vampires – the clinical Nessican, and the gratuitously corporeal Can – should have been sent to polish them off. However, in employing the trick of having what sounds like an internal monologue revealed to be a report (in this case Nessican's to his employer), the serial reaches its dramatic high, as two of the story threads are tied together.

Ethos is more important than mythos in Doctor Who

Unfortunately, it's all downhill from here – and I blame whoever took a young Colin Meek to see *Star Wars* all those years ago. The writer's focus is the exact reverse of Matthew Jacobs and Philip Segal, whose 1996 TV Movie was the result of obsessing about the minutiae of the Doctor's roots at the expense of the essence of his adventures. Here, the Doctor does and says the right sorts of things, and has the right sorts of adventures, but has as much in common with his televised predecessor as does Peter Cushing's movie Dr Who. Instead of being an outsider, the boy who ran away from the passive non-interfering Gallifreyans, he is one of the Time Lords, or Gods of the Fourth, a homeless order of wandering interventionists who work for good or evil, using the same mystical powers. All starting to sound a bit familiar, isn't it? There's nothing intrinsically wrong with reinventing *Doctor Who* – ethos is more important than mythos – but it can be done with a little more panache and originality than here. I say panache because one can build upon, reinterpret, or nudge aside the past rather than simply ignoring it. Rather than inventing a new framework for the Doctor, Meek has merely lifted that of George Lucas' mind-numbingly trite secular religion.

Death Comes To Time would be improved immeasurably by the excision of the sequences of Ace, the young apprentice, learning at the feet of her master, Casmus. That's a shame, because Sophie Aldred retains the essential vitality of Ace's character without the baggage of her overused mannerisms. However, if Leonard Fenton had been so oblique in his guidance when playing *EastEnders*' Doctor Legg as he does when dispensing wisdom as Casmus, then half the Square would have died of confusion.

By the later episodes, *Death Comes To Time* has become a multi-media experience, with a strong dependence on the visual component – for instance, when Earth is first placed in danger, the only clue is the visual appearance of the blue planet. There are dialogue free sections that might strain the patience of audio-only consumers, no matter how wonderful Nik Romero's score is, sounding as if it uses real chamber instruments and becoming somewhat Wagneresque, with strident anthems, beautiful requiems and moving choral passages. Or was it actually just a couple of stock music CDs?

Yawn-and-you'll-miss-them cameos from Jacqueline Pearce, Anthony Stewart Head and John Humphrys ensure that fans of those other fantastical genre programmes, *Blake's 7*, *Buffy*, and *Today* might be tempted to pick up a copy. They're possibly the best audience for this reinvented *Doctor Who*, which as it goes on becomes a more stirring tale but progressively feels less and less like *Doctor Who*. These Time Lords are a league of supermen, led by a mystic in a cave, and anyone can join so long as they practice their time tantras. Rather than simply steal the story of many classic genre adventures as the TV series did in the mid-1970s, it displaces the series' very essence with that of other genre myths – *Star Wars*, *Independence Day*, *Quatermass*, even *Pinocchio*. The way it doesn't ring true as *Doctor Who* is evidence, if it were needed, that *Doctor Who* isn't really part of this galaxy of fantasy, but a unique formula all of its own.

The final episode, *Death Comes To Time* itself, is far and away the silliest, with *Dead Ringers*-esque impersonations of Bush and Blair bringing a smile, and David Soul's incredible NASA boss, whose every other word is 'man', releasing waves of hysterical laughter. I was oddly moved when an old friend of the Doctor finally showed up, although his leading a fleet of space shuttles bearing Union Jack decals was about as sensible as if he had been riding a pink Tyrannosaurus. Bizarrely, having gone to great pains to set up this alternative background to *Doctor Who*, the writer then knocks it all down. It does feel like a pilot for a new series, but not a new series of *Doctor Who*.

Nevertheless, *Death Comes To Time* achieved something that *Doctor Who* has never managed – in any medium – before: It made the show available to consumers all over the world at the same time, without them having to pay for it. Indeed, the World Wide Web contains not just professional sites, like that which hosted this serial, but countless forums where fans can comments on and debate over new developments. For a few months this year, the discussion "Did you see *Doctor Who*?" – "Yeah!" – "What's going to happen next week?" was reborn. For that, if nothing else, we should be grateful. Dave Owen

Also released

BY VANESSA BISHOP

DOCTOR WHO
NOVELLAS
NIGHTDREAMERS
TOM ARDEN

DOCTOR WHO: NIGHTDREAMERS

Telos Publishing, £10/£25

It's said that if Shakespeare were alive today he'd be writing for soaps, scribbling love triangles and tales of jealousy: "Never was a story of more woe, Than that of the Slater family and their Little Mo." If science-fiction had been around back then, he'd probably have turned out something very like *Nightdreamers*.

Actually, he did turn out something very like *Nightdreamers*. It was called *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Tom Arden's novella junks Will's rhyming couplets for an easy contemporary style, writing in space vessels and advanced technology, but the rest is a blatant re-mix. Like the play, *Nightdreamers* is largely set in a wood – Verd, a forest moon of unstable gravity. Like the play, its themes are love and the complexities of relationships – both romantic and family. It has fairy-tale clichés and a messy love life for its royalty. Take Lady Ria, in love with the dashing Prince Tonio of Galaxis Bright but forced by her father, the Duke, to marry slime-ball Lord Esnic. Arden captures a Shakespearean mood, continuing to wallow in Ria and Tonio's plight right up to the completely expected happy ending.

It's enjoyable, if rather superficial. Something deeper and darker comes in the shape of the Nightdreamer King, whose fearful reputation is inflated with myths and the power to create ghostly apparitions. However, little on Verd is as it seems. Just as Shakespeare uses themes of jealousy, madness and power to test our perceptions, so we're left to make our own decision as to whether the Nightdreamer King is evil or just misunderstood.

Jo and the Third Doctor fit into all this in only a very generic way. The Doctor works out the plot and rescues people, but – although the rocketbike chase is a very Third Doctorish thing – he's an unspecific hero with nothing scientific to do. Love's labour's never lost on Jo – she gets yet another proposal to deal with.

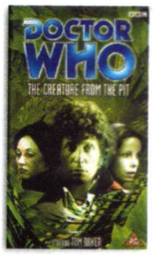
Nightdreamers' main problem is predictability. The comedy players

Wobbly

THE PIT AND THE PENDULOUS

DOCTOR WHO: THE CREATURE FROM THE PIT

VIDEO BBC WORLDWIDE
AUTHOR DAVID FISHER
RRP £12.99
CAT NO BBCV 7266



Take May's *Doctor Who* video release, *The Ambassadors of Death*: move the threat of war on a bit, swap Earth for the lush forests of Chloris, exchange General Carrington for Lady Adrasta and the three captured ambassadors for one that looks like a huge omelette with a dick stuck on it, and – hey presto! – you have the Freudian nightmare that is *The Creature from the Pit*.

Creature is one of those monster stories that promises King Kong but gives you Big Bird instead. From Macra to Myrka, Kroll to Kinda snake, nothing in *Doctor Who* so spectacularly falls on its face as giant monster design. The series just doesn't do big very well. It can do small brilliantly, but big ... Giant monsters are for movies, where they're the focus of special effects. On TV, they just mean a bigger costume. The problem is, the bigger the monster, the less they can actually do; what they gain in size, they lose in movement. Most just wobble. They're usually creatures of instinct, too, giving little in the way of conversation; Erato's different in that respect. The creature sits well in Season Seventeen, where monsters are rarely what they seem. As the Daleks are revealed to be more robot than Kaled mutant, Scaroth to be just a splinter of the original, and powdered Mandrel to be the drug Vraxoin, so Erato isn't just 200-foot of people-eating blob but a Tithonian ambassador, quite chatty once reunited with his translator. All told, the season's rather sympathetic to its monsters. We're even made to feel sorry for the Daleks as they crawl home, battle-fatigued and looking for Dad. Where possible, it makes its human characters the real monsters – Tryst in *Nightmare of Eden*, and Adrasta in *Creature*.

The trouble is, for a story that's partly based on never judging by appearances, *The Creature from the Pit* isn't fooling anyone. It needs us to believe every bad thing Adrasta says about the creature for the twist that it's really a friendly blob to work. Yet, the creature's so stupidly unfrightening, you're never convinced of its evil in the first place. Even worse, the scene where it is revealed that Erato can speak is made very irritating by some appaling showing-off from the Doctor, who continually interrupts Erato's speech just so he can look clever by deducing it for himself. Tom Baker's in 'good scene, bad scene' mode, and the story's humour is less assured than usual. Lines like the Doctor's about the giant egg structure found in the forest – "By the pyramids ... think of the size of its mummy" – do not rush by in breathless conversation as in *City of Death* but sit tacked on as ungainly asides. Similarly, the opening TARDIS scene lacks the sparkle and fluidity of the one in season opener *Destiny of the Daleks*. Of course, given that *The Creature from the Pit* was recorded first, Lalla Ward working with a script written for Mary Tamm's version of Romana can't have helped – though in fairness to author David Fisher, it's also how Ward appears to want to play the part at this stage.

Of the rest, Myra Frances, as Adrasta, does a fair impression of a wicked queen. Her power secured by a hold on all the planet's metal, she's Chloris' own Iron Lady. Unfortunately, she's not allowed to be anything other than tyrannical. Eileen Way as her assistant Karela on the other hand, though underused, conveys a more calculating villainy that makes you wonder if things might've been more interesting if the roles were swapped. As sham astrologer Organon, Geoffrey Bayldon manages to steal a few scenes from Baker in Part Two; Bayldon's a *Doctor Who* natural and the best Borusa we never had. It's an unforgivable oversight that *Creature* is his only *Doctor Who* appearance as, although good, he becomes something of a spare part as the story moves on.

Clearly, going by its script and performances, *The Creature from the Pit* isn't intended to be judged dramatically – but as fun, undemanding, light, low-calorie *Doctor Who*. In the end, though, it will always be a case of monster versus everything else. On the plus side, there's some superior set design – it's got the jungle *Kinda* needed, and the cave system *Underworld* was cheated of – but, like his victims, Erato smothers these positive points.

The Creature from the Pit is low-calorie Doctor Who

Directing his tenth and final serial for *Doctor Who*, Christopher Barry is clearly at a loss how to handle the monster. He makes some good use of lighting to imply its presence early on, but then feels compelled to show too much. What has happened, you ask, to the director who so effectively introduced the Daleks via a point-of-view shot?

I suppose it just goes to show that the old adage is right – size really *isn't* everything ...

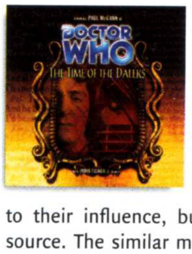
VANESSA BISHOP

Imaginative

AS YOU LIKE IT: GOOD WILL HUNTING ...

DOCTOR WHO: THE TIME OF THE DALEKS

AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR JUSTIN RICHARDS
RRP £13.99
ISBN 1 903654 59 2



It took me an embarrassingly long time to work out that the title of 1966's *The Power of the Daleks* is in fact a pun, referring not only to their influence, but to their energy source. The similar multiple meaning in the title of this penultimate instalment of Paul McGann's second run of plays suggests that the Daleks here are the sneaky, manipulative versions of David Whitaker's TV stories and that this will be a far from straightforward story. They are, and – boy! – it isn't!

Author Justin Richards famously pitched his novel *The Sands of Time* to its publisher by using a flipchart diagram of the cause-and-effect flow within the story. Here, I suggest he may have needed an advanced CAD/CAM modelling suite running on a state-of-the art Cray supercomputer. Appropriately enough, for a plot about a self-perpetuating time loop, multiple listenings are essential. By the third time around, I was beginning to start to guess what it was probably all about. Yet, by the fourth, nuances were still emerging. One delights in seeing significance in elements that appeared arbitrary the previous time round.

There's much to enjoy before the big picture becomes visible, however, particularly in the opening and closing instalments. Lesser talents might stop at depicting a totalitarian New Britain of the near future presided over by a Thatcheresque ruler under attack from down-to-Earth dissidents, but Richards elects to merely use this reactionary anti-Euro setting as a mechanism to simplify the leadership of Britain and make its goals and alliances more credible. Recent occupants of Number 10 may have been preoccupied with dictators, cones and domes respectively, but they weren't quite mad enough to have believed that Daleks pouring through their mirrors while quoting Oberon from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* might only be interested in helping to fulfil their conceits.

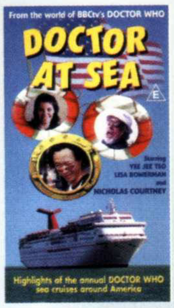
Ah yes, mirrors. There's an utterly Carrollian mechanism for time travel here

and the mischievous love games all reappear from the original play, with only slight alterations. For example, when the meddlesome sprite Sly (the 'Puck' role) squeezes magic love juice into the eyes of Ria and Tonio, Ria goes for the player in the knobbly orange monster mask, while Tonio goes for Jo. But why not a naughtier spin on it? Have Tonio, or better still, the chap in the knobbly orange monster mask, infatuated with the Doctor?

Arden clearly enjoys playing with the theatrical performances both Shakespeare and *Doctor Who* allow. Another plus is his descriptive prose, that seems to have grown from some imagined mix of *Doctor Who* production and Elizabethan stage-craft – the combined effect similar to the early silent fantasy films of Meliés, with puffs of "green, sinister phosphorescence" and splashes of fairy dust –"tiny green stars" – around its sprite.

Nightdreamers has a quick pace, it's not over-ambitious and, unlike *Citadel of Dreams*, doesn't feel hurried by its short length; it is fun, but rather slavish and mechanical. Of course, it's unfair to criticise a book for so clearly achieving what it set out to do. Its knowingness includes the Doctor hiding behind a sofa and Jo stopping short of telling him he looks like a scarecrow – but oddly, no claim from the Doctor that he "once suggested an idea like this to young Will".

The old adage that *Doctor Who* is best when its roots are showing rather depends on how disposed you are to the roots. If Arthurian legend does nothing for you, you're going to have problems with *Battlefield*, so appreciation of *Nightdreamers* probably depends on how you like your Bard – comical or historical, magical or tragical. Admittedly I'm not as engaged by *Nightdreamers*' whimsy and colour as I might be if it featured the supernatural and was generally in the more macabre vein of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*. So, it's the Nightdreamer King that steals it, roaring out, Stephen Thorne-style, from the depths of a dark cave, and whose mystery is helped by a magnificent, if deliberately misleading, frontispiece from artist Martin McKenna.


From the world of BBCtv's DOCTOR WHO
DOCTOR AT SEA
Starring YEE JEE TSO LISA BOWERMAN and NICHOLAS COURTNEY
Highlights of the annual DOCTOR WHO sea cruises around America

DOCTOR AT SEA

Reeltime Pictures, £12.99

An opportunity for landlubbers to experience a *Doctor Who* cruise. Despite cover blurb that says these annual events have largely gone unnoticed by fandom, I suspect it's their expense, kept unspecified, that's really kept them beyond the reach of most fans.

The 2001 guest list includes Nicholas Courtney, 'Asian child' Yee Jee Tso and Benny incarnate Lisa Bowerman. Leaving Miami, we cross the Gulf of Mexico to Playa del Carmen. This is a strange event, made stranger by having a camera pointed at it. Described by one attendee, – or 'cruiser', to use their preferred title – as "a vacation with actors", Reeltime's film has the appearance of a flaccid *Wish You Were Here* report. We get to stop off and poke around some Mayan ruins, and look at some fishes through the bottom of a glass boat. Bowerman takes the Judith Chalmers role, promoting the resorts and the good ship *Fascination* for all they're worth. Cue pan-pipes for shots of the ruined temples and reverent stuff like "We all felt like we'd experienced something really special."

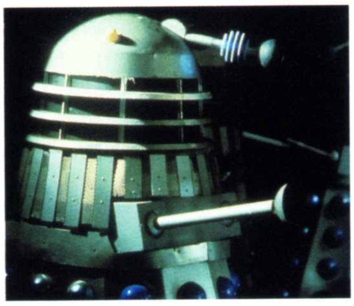
It's not all plain sailing, though. Organiser Dan Harris has sought to give this cruise an extra dimension – a writers' workshop where, encouraged by Gary Russell, Stephen Cole and Simon Gerard, the cruisers are asked to write 1200-1500 word short stories involving the *Doctor Who* characters of the three guests. Given a cover that implies jokey silliness, *Doctor at Sea* is actually rather staid and meandering. It talks to its writers most, its actors least, and Yee Jee Tso hardly at all; the actor clearly enjoying the trip if not so much his *Doctor Who* duties, arriving late at the writers' workshop with an expression that speaks "but I was told this was going to be fun ..."

Like other peoples' holiday snaps, this video is only of real interest to those who were there.

---

that owes much to the aforementioned Mr Whitaker, but more still to the seductive notion that time is in some ways like particles – in that observing it changes it – and that time, like space, can be passed through and distorted. "Hogwash!" (or something more prosaic) I exclaimed, before reflecting (ahem!) that this is, after all, a series about a man who achieves the fantastic via a series of comforting yet unenlightening phrases such as "dimensionally transcendental" and "I'll explain later". At least some background is proffered for the solution to the dramatic necessity of travelling between this century and the sixteenth, and these Rococo-framed magic portals are as romantic as they are practical.

The ending will inspire listeners to start again, if only to apply their new-found knowledge to the beginning. Along the way, the climax to Part Three, as a nuclear reactor threatens to detonate, spewing devastation into portals into multiple eras of London's history, is gripping – combining sophisticated causal elements with the unsubtle nuclear brute force that characterises Dalek stories. Not for them the butterfly's wing. All along, the Doctor's sympathetic energy, bargaining for the lives of the humans around him, is countered by the Daleks' utterly ruthless efficiency – when another Dalek casing is needed, its current occupant haltingly agrees to surrender his means of survival, before expiring horribly. And to think that all Sir Walter Raleigh had to do for his queen was lay down his cloak in a puddle!


A scary, Whitaker-style Dalek, yesterday. © BBC

Shakespearean Daleks represent Doctor Who at its most haunting

Don't be daunted by this serial's apparent dependency on Shakespeare. Even with characters named Viola, Lear(man), and Osric, knowledge of the bard's plays is certainly not a prerequisite. I would be hard pressed, however, to imagine a figure whose removal from British history would be so keenly felt, or whose aphorisms would be more haunting when coming from the Daleks. Often remembered as terse beings, they have in fact been rather lyrical over the years, with rhyming couplets such as "My vision is impaired, I cannot see! My vision is impaired, emergency!" and, repeated here, "Seek, locate, exterminate!" presaging their move to become galactic Nigel Reeses. Yet, Shakespeare's quotations, distorted and modulated, over Nicholas Briggs' inevitably evocative score, go far further, to produce a bizarre juxtaposition characteristic of *Doctor Who* at its most imaginative and haunting.

If there's one perennial weakness to Richards' work, it's that his mastery of storylining comes at the expense of characterisation. Beyond Dot Smith's Iron Lady, the rest of the ensemble are defined more by their actions than their words. Wisely though, they are set up initially as establishment vs rebels, allowing easier identification, until the power axes pivot around to the more practical Daleks vs humans. Nicola Boyce's Viola, meanwhile, initially a kind of 21st century Carol Thatcher, gains more depth with each extra listen. I would be frankly amazed if a single listener had not guessed the identity of Jem Basset's Kitchen Boy by the time the Doctor finally twigs, but perhaps he finds the presence of a well-spoken eight-year-old working as a servant less incongruous than I. Shouldn't he be in class 2B at school or something?

You don't have to be learned to enjoy Shakespeare, but you do have to pay attention. The same is true here. This wonderful production guides the listener towards an understanding of the plot but leaves the exquisite pleasure of deriving it to them alone.

Dave Owen

Inadequate

Put the Book back on the shelf?

DOCTOR WHO: THE BOOK OF THE STILL

NOVEL BBC Books
AUTHOR Paul Ebbs
RRP £5.99
ISBN 0563 538 511

DOCTOR WHO
THE BOOK OF THE STILL
PAUL EBBS

Remember those films like *Twelve Monkeys* where the end is the beginning? You sit there for two hours and you end up back where you were in the first place. Rather like travelling on the Circle Line but with fewer tramps. Because you know where things are going to end up, the entertainment lies in getting to that point in the most interesting and unexpected way.

Which in a roundabout sort of fashion (ha ha!) brings us to *The Book of the Still*, itself a circular kind of story. In a show of pretension that only Booker nominees and first-time authors can get away with, Ebbs chooses to begin his novel with the Epilogue. Fortunately, he just about manages to pull it off because the notion of time turning back on itself is central to this novel.

The eponymous Book is temporally homeostatic, which apparently means that it exists in all times at once. This also means that it's the ideal place for stranded time travellers to write down their name and location, and wait for the cavalry to arrive. Unfortunately, problems arise when greedy people decide that it'd be lucrative to steal the book and hunt down any stranded time travellers in the local area to discover their secrets.

The Unnoticed pose a much greater threat. The products of an unstable timeline, they fear time travellers will uncover and destroy their precarious existence. To prevent this, they destroy any planet where their presence has become known. And an indiscreet entry in the Book of the Still has brought them to its home in the museum on Lebenswelt.

The Book of the Still is big on ideas. Unfortunately, the plot doesn't do these ideas justice. That is not to say that the book is boring – it isn't. It's simply that Ebbs' ambitious central notion is inserted into a fairly run-of-the-mill storyline – a tale of a peaceful and decadent planet being disrupted by the arrival of some horrible, tentacled monsters. That these horrible, tentacled monsters turn out to be even more horrible, gas-filled pus sacs is beside the point. The way Ebbs chooses to convey his ideas is inadequate. The big concepts tend to highlight the deficiencies in the plotting, and they sadly remain undeveloped in the context of such an ordinary story.

For every great moment, like the Doctor learning to dance as a bomb counts down to detonation, there's an excruciating comedy scene featuring the pimp Darlow's hapless heavy, Gimcrack. For every fantastic idea, such as the Bedouin settlement perched on the surface of the Sun, there's a predictable chase. And for each interesting character, including the snooty academic Rhian, there are another two dull clichés. Yet again, Fitz gets brainwashed and falls in love – this time with Carmodi, a woman addicted to the particles that time travellers accrue. It's time to face facts – Fitz has become stale, forced to repeat the same mistakes with an ever-growing list of space babes. Perhaps it's time he was finally put out to stud.

Ebbs' big concepts highlight the deficiences in the plotting

Worst of all, there's an ending that comes dangerously close to Brannon Braga-style incomprehensible technobabble – all temporal closed circuits and predestination bubbles. Still, at least the author didn't go for the hackneyed idea of a character turning out to be their own parent.

But although the whole fails to hang together as well as it should, there are still plenty of wonderful moments. Anji, a confirmed capitalist, turns rebel and incites a mob to attack the TARDIS. The Doctor launches a one-man, *Mission: Impossible*-style assault on the museum where the Book of the Still is stored. Later, he uses the pages of the Book to create a giant paper aeroplane to land in the Tent City of the Unnoticed. All these marvellous scenes stick in the mind long after the convoluted climax is a distant memory.

The Book of the Still isn't great. Some of the humour is too forced, some of the dialogue fails to ring true and the story is nothing to get particularly excited about. Ebbs has, however, succeeded in creating an book crackling with energy and enthusiasm, and these are enough to make it, if not a memorable read, then at least an immensely likeable one.

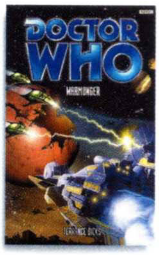
MATTHEW MICHAEL

Unbelievable

MONSTER MASH? NOT TONIGHT, TERRANCE!

DOCTOR WHO: WARMONGER

NOVEL BBC BOOKS
AUTHOR TERRANCE DICKS
RRP £5.99
ISBN 0 563 53852 X



For a writer who served over five years as the series' script editor, Terrance Dicks' own *Doctor Who* scripts were remarkably disciplined. With the obvious exception of *The Five Doctors*, old monsters were not for him. His novels have been different. Since *Catastrophea*, however, which featured the Ogrons and Draconians, he's been more measured, inventing the shadowy Players for the Sixth Doctor novel of the same name, and later re-using them in *Endgame*. Now, with *Warmonger*, those books appear to have been the calm before the storm ...

Warmonger is three things: a 'Dark Doctor' novel, a war story, and a prequel to *The Brain of Morbius* that, along with characters from the original, also includes Sontarans, Cybermen, Draconians, Ice Warriors and Ogrons. The book – a Fifth Doctor adventure – is to the Time Lord what the second *Star Wars* trilogy is to Darth Vader. The Doctor has become the Supremo, a powerful military figure and leader of an army made from the aforementioned shopping list of monsters. So how does our pleasant, open-faced hero become a ruthless military leader? Well, to be honest, I'm not exactly sure, but the lengthy backstory goes something like this ...

Karn. Ages ago. Solon's castle is a working hospice and the planet is host to a peace conference. Amongst the VIPs is Morbius, this being the uncut version, if you like, before things went chop-suey shaped. Ever the villain, Morbius kidnaps Peri and, left alone, the Doctor gets reassigned by the Time Lords to lead an army against the renegade and his plans of conquest.

The 'Dark and Devious Doctor' bit has been done to death. The Supremo, at least, is the real thing and not a Seventh Doctor-style deception or evil doppelganger. The book tries to suggest it's the Doctor's sense of justice that has led him to war – but the force isn't really with Terrance on this one. While the Doctor's dark side drives the novel, we don't ever get to really understand it. 'The end justifies the means' would seem to be the scrappy explanation.

As a *Brain of Morbius* prequel, *Warmonger* is less successful bringing back Solon and Maren than it would be if it had just returned Morbius. With the number of past lives shown during his mind battle, he's a character relatively under-explored. Tying him to the saga of Karn, however, means that the story takes some extraordinarily contrived turns. Okay, so Peri's hurt and needs a surgeon – but Karn? Solon? This visit may makes sense of the Sisterhood's paranoia over the Elixir – and chart the beginnings of Solon's Frankenstein tendencies in a sub-plot that I'm tempted to call 'stitched on' (sorry!) – but Dicks' characters are on a pre-destined course, fulfilling their roles to the letter, with no room for surprise. On top of that, there's the problem of keeping continuity with the 1976 story, the Doctor having to call himself 'Smith'.

"Dear Diary. Am settling in nicely here on Karn. Hospice going well. Have good head for helping others ..."

And then there's the book's use of other monsters. The aliens' and Supremo's military alliance reads like a poll winner's party. To be fair, there's some good rapport between him and his Draconian and Sontaran captains, but this anniversary-style knees-up fell out of fashion a long time ago. It feels like a costume parade and is, frankly, unbelievable. Their combined might may say a lot about Morbius' status, but it doesn't do much for anyone else's publicity.

The book's third guise, as a war novel, is its most convincing; Dicks clearly taking inspiration from the Wellington/Napoleon idea that he originally pitched. The Supremo is given the Duke's role, with some well-chosen quotes to aid the comparison. Morbius, meanwhile, is Napoleon, insisting on the title 'Emperor' and being rather short ... presumably a feature of all his incarnations. *Warmonger* marks Terrance Dicks' third war book in a row; *Players* looking at the Boer, and *Endgame* at the Cold War. This may have slipped into parody – if Morbius is Napoleon, then Karn is his Waterloo – even so, it's this one that actually gets down to the business of battle. With chapters such as 'Fleet Action' and 'Assault-at-Arms', Dicks mixes the wham-bam of war with camaraderie, pathos and some Hollywood overplaying – "Die like Sontarans, damn you!" Even the monsters seem back on form in this part.

Overall, however, *Warmonger* is damaged by being just too improbable and too mean with its explanations. Like the Morbius monster of the original story, it's made from bits and pieces with no one part fitting smoothly to the next. Its heart might be in the right place, but you're just never sure if its brain is connected ...

VANESSA BISHOP DWM

Time-Path Indicator

YOUR COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE COMING MONTH IN *DOCTOR WHO*

JULY

Monday 1

Novel **Doctor Who: History 101** by Mags Halliday [Eighth Doctor, Anji & Fitz] *BBC Books*

Novel **Doctor Who: Combat Rock** by Mike Lewis [Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria] *BBC Books*

Thursday 4

Audio **Bernice Summerfield and the Plague Herds of Excelis** by Stephen Cole *Big Finish £9.99*

Saturday 6

TV **Doctor Who: The Invisible Enemy** by Bob Baker & Dave Martin [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *UK Gold*

Sunday 7

TV **Doctor Who: Image of the Fendahl** by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *UK Gold*

Monday 8

Video **Doctor Who: The Creature from the Pit** by David Fisher [Fourth Doctor, Romana & K9] *BBC Video*

Thursday 11

Audio **Sarah Jane Smith: Comeback** by Terrance Dicks *Big Finish £9.99*

Saturday 13

TV **Doctor Who: The Sun Makers** by Robert Holmes [Fourth Doctor, Leela & K9] *UK Gold*

Sunday 14

TV **Doctor Who: Underworld** by Bob Baker & Dave Martin [Fourth Doctor, Leela & K9] *UK Gold*

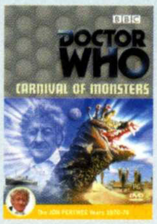
Saturday 20

TV **Doctor Who: The Invasion of Time** by David Agnew [Fourth Doctor, Leela & K9] *UK Gold*

Sunday 21

TV **Doctor Who: The Ribos Operation** by Robert Holmes [Fourth Doctor, Romana I & K9] *UK Gold*

Monday 22



DVD **Doctor Who: Carnival of Monsters** by Robert Holmes [Third Doctor & Jo] *BBC Video*

Thursday 25

DWM **Issue 320** *Panini Comics*

Saturday 27

TV **Doctor Who: The Pirate Planet** by Douglas Adams [Fourth Doctor, Romana I & K9] *UK Gold*

Except where stated: BBC Books novels £5.99; BBC videos £12.99; BBC DVDs £19.99; BBC Radio Collection/Big Finish audios £13.99 [all double CD]. All prices quoted are RRP.

It's the end, but ...

by **The Watcher**

It's been announced that the forthcoming James Bond movie – the twentieth in the official series – is to be called *Die Another Day*. Yes, that's right, *Die Another Day*. Doesn't exactly capture the imagination, does it? And given that the word 'day' has appeared once before in a Bond title, and 'die' twice, it sounds more like an amalgam of previous monikers than an imaginative new title – like calling it *The World of Golden Spies*, or *A View To An Eye*, or *Moonfinger*. And I don't know about you, but I haven't quite come to terms with the title *Attack of the Clones* either. It sounds less like a cutting-edge space epic than a camped-up spoof starring the Village People.

Titles are important things, aren't they? They can make or break films, books, pop songs – boring but true: Billy Ocean's *European Queen* was a flop until he re-recorded it as *Caribbean Queen* – or even *Doctor Who* stories.

> **'Planet of the Daleks' is the ultimate Doctor Who title**

Attack of the Cybermen may sound perfectly acceptable to our ears now, just as *Attack of the Clones* probably will in a few years' time, but I can remember the hoots of derision with which its announcement was greeted by fans back in the summer of 1984. There's an amusing and true story about a well-known fan, nowadays a successful *Doctor Who* professional, who phoned the production office to chortle: 'You'll never believe this, but there's a rumour going round that next season's going to start with a story called *Attack of the Cybermen* – as if you'd ever use a title as crap as that!' He tells me that the silence on the other end of the line was, in a word, protracted.

Fan that I am, I spend an immoderate amount of time poring over the abandoned working titles of *Doctor Who* stories. I've always found them fascinating, disclosing as they do a kind of hidden history that can be surprisingly revealing about the show's aims and objectives. For example, lots of stories were originally named squarely and unambiguously after the aliens they introduced – thus, for example, *The Chumblies* became *Galaxy Four*, *The Chameleons* turned into *The Faceless Ones*, *The Argolins* gave way to *The Leisure Hive* and so on. The intention here seems to have been to change the title into something more unusual and epigrammatic, a syndrome particularly prevalent in the early days of producer John Nathan Turner, when comparatively 'cod' titles like *The Planet That Slept* and *The Vampire Mutations* – both of which would have blown significant plot revelations – were altered to the more cryptic *Full Circle* and *State of Decay*.

By comparison, the Philip Hinchcliffe period seemed to fall over itself to come up with almost comically hack titles. It's sad but understandable that the production team should have elected to veto *The Day God Went Mad*, but was the desperately lame *The Face of Evil* really the best replacement they could come up with? *The Robots of Death*, one of the most pulpy *Who* titles ever, was originally called *The Storm-Mine Murders*, which has a nice ring to it – far more in keeping with the story's Agatha Christie roots. In fact, there are plenty of stories whose original titles seem more enticing and lyrical than their eventual replacements. *Ghost Light* is a humdrum eponym that has none of the arcane Victorian-Gothic allure of *The Bestiary*, while both *Cat-Flap* and *Blood Hunt* are immeasurably better than the drab *Survival*. The evocative *The Visitor* is replaced by the boring *Castrovalva*, *A Journey to Cathay* becomes dull old *Marco Polo*, and the classically allusive *The Pandora Machine* gives way to the bog-standard *The Mind of Evil*.

But before we conclude that no working title was ever bettered by its replacement, we ought to reflect that some were just downright daft. *Power of the Daleks*, for example, originally went under the title *The Destiny of Doctor Who*. *The Mark of the Rani* was at one point going to be called *Too Clever By Far* – not something of which you could accuse whoever dreamed that one up. *The Savages* began life as *The White Savages*, which was presumably meant to be PC in its own rather tortuous 1960s way and not, in fact, embarrassingly offensive.

Finally, and best of all, there are the titles that are just complete rubbish. *The King's Demons* was at one point called *The Android* – can you spot a bit of a giveaway there? *The Miniscules* isn't even spelt properly (it's 'minuscule' with a 'u'), so thank goodness they changed it to *Planet of Giants* in time. Mind you, these days I'm supposed to believe that there's a story called *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*, which, apart from being a title so long it sends you to sleep, is about a massacre that takes place on St Bartholomew's *day*. Whoops. *The Visitation* is a great title, playing on the word's supernatural overtones as well as its commonplace seventeenth-century usage meaning an outbreak of disease – and what did it replace? Why, *The Invasion of the Plague Men*, of course! But hey, perhaps that's why I love *Doctor Who* so much: any programme that very nearly gave us titles as awful as *The Spray of Death*, *Operation Mole-Bore* and *The Rocks of Doom* must have a touch of genius about it.

I recently worked out that, with the obvious exceptions of 'the', 'of' and 'Daleks', the word that occurs most frequently in televised *Doctor Who* titles is 'planet'. Next down the list come 'space', 'time', 'death', 'terror', 'evil', 'invasion' and 'Cybermen', building up a fairly accurate picture of what the show is all about. As well as proving that the ultimate *Doctor Who* title is therefore *Planet of the Daleks* (I can only assume there's a different rule governing actual story quality), this handy list allows one to construct those classic titles that never were, like *Planet in Space*, *Invasion of Death* and *Cybermen of the Daleks*.

Trouble is, I just can't help wondering if the James Bond people are using a similar system to dream up their increasingly bewildering titles ... **DWM**

The Final Test

Questions are a burden to others and answers a prison for oneself. Or something. Pity the The Watcher doesn't subscribe to that philosophy ...

What connects:

1. *The Robots of Death*, *The Awakening*, *Resurrection of the Daleks* and *Attack of the Cybermen*?
2. Damon, Dr Cook and General Grugger?
3. A Dalek, a scientist, a mining ship and a destination that was never reached?
4. Kriz, Dukkha, Dugdale, Inga and Mansell?
5. Ahmed, Laurence Scarman, Scaroth, Isabella, Veldan and the DJ [pictured]?
6. The Meddling Monk, a Time Lord projection and a devious quizmaster?

Answers from last issue

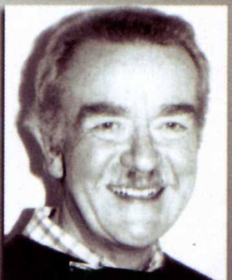
1. Each title refers to one of the Doctor's companions: Susan; Ian; Vicki; Dodo
2. Corporal Bell; Bellboy; Cloister Bell; *Bell of Doom*
3. They all feature scenes at railway stations
4. The actors who played them (David Graham, Peter Halliday, Eleanor Bron and Tom Chadbon) also appear in *City of Death*
5. They have all gone under the title [The] *Enemy Within* (working title; working title; subtitle suggested by producer Philip Segal; rejected story by Christopher Priest)
6. Their alter egos (Ken Dodd, Windsor Davies, Christopher Ryan, Hale and Pace, Courtney Pine) have all performed on UK number 1 singles – respectively, *Tears* (1965), *Whispering Grass* (1975), *Living Doll* (1986), *The Stonk* (1991) and *Perfect Day '97* (1997). Unless you count the Beatles' appearance in *The Chase*, I'm fairly sure there are no others ...

10th Planet

UNIT 36, VICARAGE FIELD SHOPPING CENTRE, RIPPLE ROAD, BARKING, ESSEX IG11 8DQ
ⓣ 020 8591 5357 ⓔ sales@tenthplanet.co.uk ⓦ www.tenthplanet.co.uk

LOOK WHO WE'VE GOT FOR YOU!

GEOFFREY BAYLDON & DAVID BRIERLEY



SATURDAY 6TH JULY 2002
12NOON-3PM

Signing copies of the new BBC video

CREATURE FROM THE PIT

Video £12.99 + £1.50 p&p

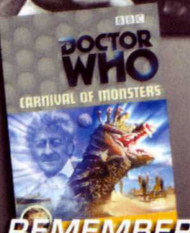
ALSO APPEARING

PETER HALLIDAY

Signing new BBC DVD

CARNIVAL OF MONSTERS

DVD £19.99 + £1 p&p



LISA BOWERMAN

Signing copies of

THE PLAGUE HERDS OF EXCELIS

CD £9.99 + £1 p&p

REMEMBER – IF YOU CAN'T ATTEND, ORDER VIA MAIL ORDER NOW!

REVISED DATES NOW CONFIRMED

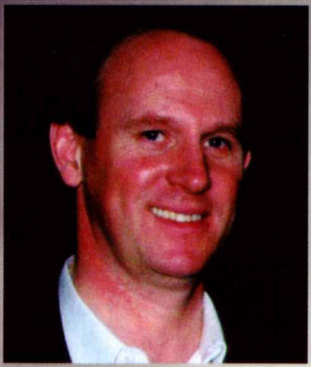
SATURDAY 13TH JULY 2002 12NOON-3PM

LYNDA BELLINGHAM

Meet the Inquisitor in person, signing BBC licensed photos at £8 each + £1 p&p

IT'S THE 5TH TIME FOR THE 5TH DOCTOR

PETER DAVISON



SATURDAY 27TH JULY
12NOON-3PM

Making a welcome return to 10th Planet, the fifth Doctor will be in store to sign copies of the new Big Finish CD

SPARE PARTS

FEATURING THE RETURN OF THE CYBERMEN

CD £13.99 + £1.50 p&p
Official BBC photos will also be available on the day

A SIGNED CD FOR THE SAME PRICE AS AN UNSIGNED ONE – UNBEATABLE VALUE!

BRAND NEW T-SHIRTS FOR 2002

L, XL PRICED £15.99 AND XXL PRICED £16.99 + £1 p&p

60s MONSTERS
70s MONSTERS
80s MONSTERS
DOCTOR WHO

PRE-PAY FOR ALL THREE T-SHIRTS FOR AN ALL-INCLUSIVE PRICE OF £48

(T-SHIRTS WILL BE DESPATCHED ON RELEASE IN APPROX. APRIL, JUNE AND AUGUST)

Doctor Who is a trademark of the British Broadcasting Corporation and is used under licence.
Doctor Who logo ©BBC 1996. Licenced by BBC Worldwide Ltd.

COMING SOON: SPECIAL 1-DAY EVENT

UNDERWORLD

In aid of the Arrow Park Hospital, a gala evening of excitement and LIVE televisual entertainment with special guest of honour

FRAZER HINES

and other guests to be held on
SATURDAY 27TH JULY 2002
at the LIVERPOOL MOAT HOUSE HOTEL
from 7.30pm - 2am.

Tickets:
£15 each or two for £25 from 10th Planet

KEEPING OUR PROMISE TO BRING THE BEST PRODUCTS AND EVENTS ALL YEAR ROUND

2 GREAT PROMOTIONS IN AID OF DENVILLE HALL

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
THE KEY TO TIME
TOM BAKER 1974-1981

THE KEY TO TIME
Region 1 DVD boxset released October 2002
Pre-order now for £94.99 + £5 p&p
EXCITING SIGNING ANNOUNCEMENT COMING SOON!

DOCTOR WHO
NEVERLAND

NEVERLAND
The final story in Paul McGann's second CD season. Order your copy signed by
LALLA WARD
CD £13.99 + £1.50 p&p
A donation from the sale of both these products will be made to Lalla's chosen charity DENVILLE HALL

LOOKING AHEAD TO THE AUTUMN

DOCTOR WHO
THE INVISIBLE ENEMY
TOM BAKER

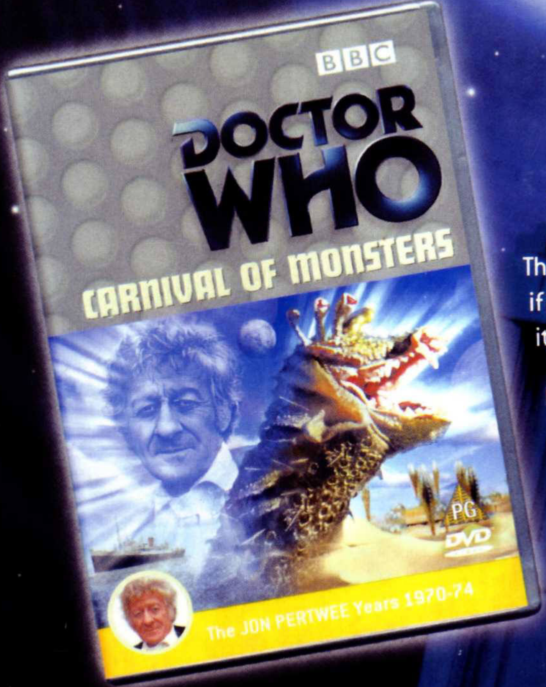
THE INVISIBLE ENEMY
Video to be released September 2002
GREAT SIGNING TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT ISSUE!

I, WHO 3
LARS PEARSON

I WHO 3
The third volume in this popular series released September / October
Price £15.99 t.b.c.
PRE-ORDER NOW

DOCTOR WHO

BBC


BBC
DOCTOR WHO
CARNIVAL OF MONSTERS
PG
DVD
The JON PERTWEE Years 1970-74

DVD VIDEO

CARNIVAL OF MONSTERS

Starring Jon Pertwee as the Third Doctor.

The Doctor and Jo arrive aboard a cargo ship crossing the Indian Ocean ... but if this is 1926, why is the ship being attacked by a Plesiosaur? Nothing is what it seems in this classic story, now remastered for a DVD packed with extras:

DVD Special Features include:

- Commentary with Katy Manning and Barry Letts • Behind the Scenes footage
- Visual Effects Tests • Deleted and Extended Scenes • 1981 Repeat Season Trailer
- CSO Video Effects feature • Alternate Theme Music
- On-Screen Production Notes • Photo Gallery
- Director's preferred ending to Episode Four
- TARDIS-Cam sequence • 2 'Easter Eggs'

Released 15 July 2002

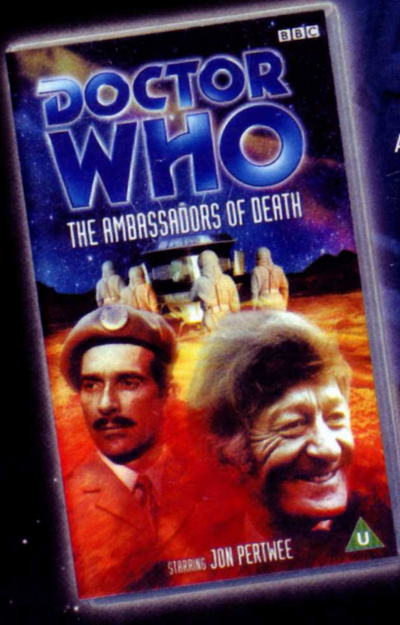
VHS THE CREATURE FROM THE PIT

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
THE CREATURE FROM THE PIT
STARRING TOM BAKER
PG

Available for the first time on video, starring Tom Baker as the Fourth Doctor.

Whilst answering a distress beacon on the planet Chloris, the Doctor falls foul of the villainous Lady Adrasta and is cast into 'The Pit'– where Adrasta's enemies are devoured by the creature within ...

Released 15 July 2002


BBC
DOCTOR WHO
THE AMBASSADORS OF DEATH
STARRING JON PERTWEE
U

THE AMBASSADORS OF DEATH VHS

Available for the first time on video, starring Jon Pertwee as the Third Doctor.

The Doctor and Liz join an investigation into the mystery of the missing Mars Probe 7 astronauts. Something returned to Earth aboard the space capsule ... but what?

Out now – including newly recolourised footage!

Available from Virgin megastores and all good video stockists